THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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Beginning HURRICANE ISLAND

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

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HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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HIS BROW WAS WRINKLED AS IF THE MENTAL EXERCISE WAS UNUSUAL

CHAPTER I—THE SEA QUEEN

PEMBER Street, E., is never very cheerful in appearance, not even in midspring, when the dingy lilacs in the forecourts of those grimy houses bourgeon and blossom. The shrubs assimilate soon the general air of depression common to the neighborhood. The smoke catches and turns them; they wilt or wither, and the bunches of flowers are sicklied over with the smuts and blacks of the roaring chimneys. The one open space within reach is the river, and thither I frequently repaired during the three years I practiced in the East End. At least it was something to have that wide flood before one, the channel of great winds and the haunt of strange craft. The tide drew turbid under the Tower Bridge and rolled desolately about the barren wilderness of the Isle of Dogs, but it was for all that a breach in the continuity of ugly streets and houses, a wide road itself on which tramped unknown and curious lives, passing to and fro between London and foreign parts.

Unless a man be in deadly earnest or very young I cannot conceive a career more distressing to the imagination and crushing to the ambition than the practice of medicine in the East End. The bulk of my cases were club cases which enabled me to be sure of a living, and the rest were for the most part sordid and unpleasant subjects springing out of the vile life of the district. Alien sailors abounded, and quarreled fiercely. Often and often have I been awakened in the dead hours to find drunken and foreign-speaking men at my door with one or more among them suffering from a dangerous knife-wound. And the point of it that came nearly home to me was that this career not only led to nothing, but was unprofitable in itself. I had taken the position in the hope that I might make something of it, but I found that it was all I could do to maintain my place. I made no charge for advice in my free consultations, but took a little money on the medicine that I made up. Is any position to be conceived more degrading to a professional man? The one bright time in my week was of a Saturday, when I donned my best coat and gloves, took down my silkiest hat, and, discarding the fumes and flavors of the East, set out for Piccadilly. I still remained a member of a decent club, and here I lunched in my glory, talked with some human creatures, exchanged views on the affairs of the world, smoked and lolled in comfortable chairs—in short, took my enjoyment like a man about town—and then went back to earn my next week's holiday.

Punctually to a minute I must be in the surgery in Pember Street at six o'clock, and the horrid round must begin to circle again. I will confess that there was a time when I could have loved that career as a saunterer in West End streets. It appealed to me at five and twenty almost as a romantic profession. Other young men I had known, at school and college, had entered it, and some were, or appeared to be, signal stars in that galaxy of wealth and beauty. My means, however, denied me access, and at thirty I should have been content, after my experience of hardships and poverty, to settle in some comfortable suburb, not too distant from the sphere of radiance. As it was, I was in chains in the slums of Wapping, and revisited the glimpses of Piccadilly once a week.

When I rose on an evening in November to go down to the river, almost for the last time, it was not a Saturday but a Thursday, and the West End seemed still a long way off. I had finished my round of cases, and had sat waiting in my dingy surgery for patients. But none had come, and in the enforced meditation that ensued, as I reviewed my past and my prospects, my soul sickened in me. I wanted to breathe more freely; I wanted more air, and something more cheerful than the low surgery lamp and the dismal street lights. I put on my hat and passed down to the river.

It was quite dark, and the easterly drift had obscured and dirtied the sky, so that when I came out by a landing which I knew now familiarly I could see only the lights across the water, and some tall spars and funnels in the foreground. But the river, at full tide, champed audibly against the wharves, and the various sounds of that restless port assailed my ears: the roar of the unseen traffic behind me, the fluting and screaming of whistles, the mingled shouts, oaths and orders, and the drone of that profound water under all.

I had stood for some minutes, drinking in the better air, when there were voices near, suddenly risen out of the flood, and I perceived two men had landed. They paused by me for one to relight his pipe, and in the flash of the match I gathered from their dresses that they were stevedores, newly come, no doubt, from unloading some vessel. But my attention was taken off them unexpectedly, by a great flare that went up into the sky, apparently in mid-channel. It made a big, bright flame, quite unusual in that resort of silent lights, and one of the stevedores commented on it.

"That'll be her," he said. "She was coming up round the Dogs in a la-di-da fashion. Maybe she'll fly rockets in another minute."

"Them steam yachts are the jockeys to blow money," responded his companion. "Nothink's good enough for them."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Only a Geordy brig straight from winning the America Cup, sir," said the first man with a facetious laugh. "What did they make her out, Bill?"

Bill hesitated. "I think it was the Sea Queen," he said doubtfully, and added, in harmony with his companion's mood:

"They don't want to make themselves known, not by a long chalk."

With which, the flare having died down, they tramped away into the night with a civil leave-taking.

I followed them presently, moving along the road in the direction of the docks. When I reached the entrance I paused, and the gatekeeper addressed me:

"Going in, doctor? Got a call?"

I recognized him in the dimness of his lamp as a man whom I had attended for an accident, and I gave him good-evening.

"No," said I, "but I want some air. I think I will, if you don't mind."

"Welcome, sir," said he cheerily, and I found myself on the other side of the gateway.

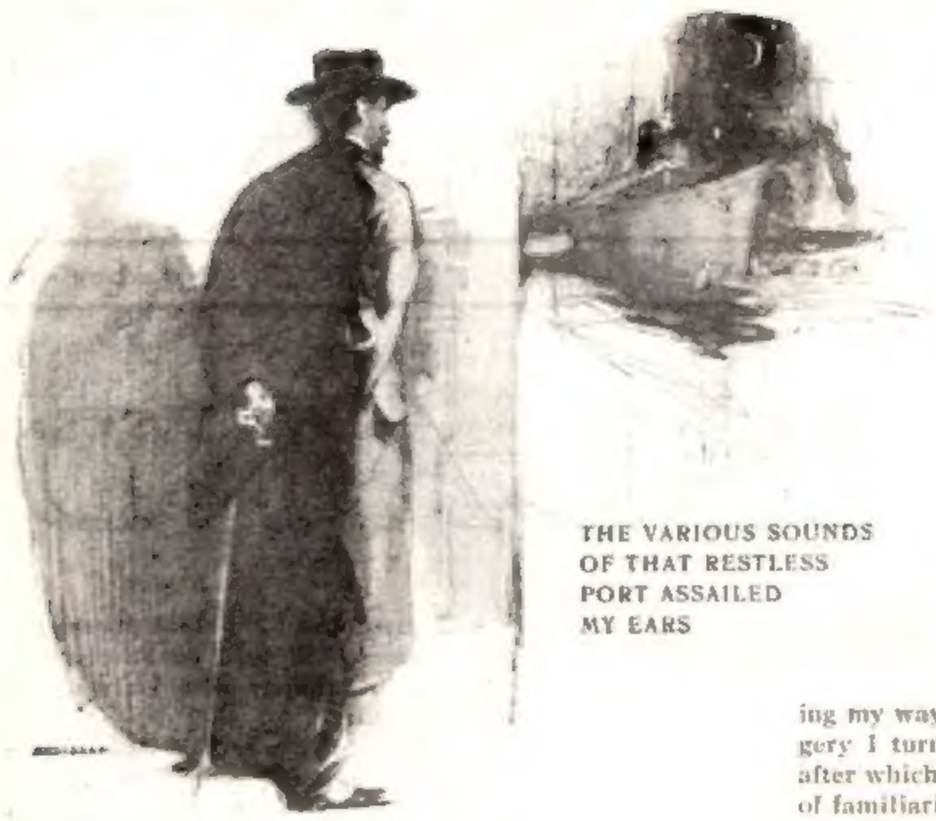
I walked along the vacant stretch of ground, lit only by dull gas lamps, and passing the low office buildings and storing sheds, came out by the water basins. Here was a scene of some bustle and disorder, but it was farther on that the spectators were engaged in a knot, for the caisson was slowly drifting round, and a handsome vessel was floating in, her funnel backed against the gray darkness and her spars in a ghostly silhouette. The name I heard on several sides roused in me a faint curiosity. It was the stranger I had observed, the Sea Queen, the subject of the stevedores' pleasantries.

"A pretty boat," said I to my neighbor. "What is she?"

He shook his head. "The Sea Queen out of Hamburg," he said, "and a pleasure yacht from the look of her. But what she does here beats me."

The caisson closed, and the steam yacht warped up slowly to the pier. There was little or no noise on her, only a voice raised occasionally in an authoritative command, and the rattling of chains that paid out through the donkey engine. Idly I moved to the stone pier when the gangway was let down, but only one man descended. The passengers, if there had been any, had long since reached town from Tilbury, saving themselves that uninteresting trudge up the winding river-lane.

I moved on to where a steamer was being loaded under the electric lights and watched the same for some time with interest; then, taking out my watch, I examined it, and came to the conclusion that if I was to see any patients that evening at all I must at once get back to my unpalatable rooms. I began to go along the pier, and passed into the shadow of the Sea Queen, now sunk in quiet and drab and dark. As I went a porthole in the stern, almost on the level of my eyes, gleamed like a moon, and of a sudden there was an outbreak of angry voices, one threatening volubly and the other deeper and slower but equally hostile. It was not that the altercation was anything astonishing in human life, but I think it was the instantaneous flash of that light and those voices in a dead ship that pulled me up. I stared into the porthole, and as I did so the face of a man passed across it 'twixt the light and me; it passed and vanished, and I walked on. As I turned to go down to the gates I was aware of the approaching fog. I had seen it scores of times in that abominable, low-lying part of the town, and I knew the symptoms. There was a faint smell in the air, an odor that bit the nostrils, carrying the reek of that changeless wilderness of factories and houses. The opaque gray sky lost its grayness and was struck to a lurid yellow. Banks of high fog rolled up the east and moved



THE VARIOUS SOUNDS OF THAT RESTLESS PORT ASSAILED MY EARS

menacingly, almost imperceptibly, upon the town. For a moment there were dim shadows of the wharves and the riverside houses, with a church tower dimmer still behind them, and then the undulations of the fog descended and swallowed up all.

I moved now in a blackness, but bore to the right, in which direction I knew were the dock sheds and safety. I seemed to have been feeling my way for a long time, quite ten minutes, and yet I did not come upon anything. I began to be seized with the fear of a blind man who is helpless in vacancy. Had I left the basin in my rear, or had I somehow wandered back toward it, and would another step take me over into the water? I shrank from the thought of that cold plunge, and putting out my stick on all sides tapped and tapped, and went on foot by foot. I was still upon the stone when I should have reached the sheds, or at least have got upon the earth again, with the roadway running to the gates. Angry at my own folly for lingering so long about the ships, I continued cautiously forward, trying each step of the way. Presently I heard a sound of footsteps before me, and then a voice raised in a stave of song. There followed a loud oath, and the splash of a heavy body in water.

Plainly the basin was, then, in front of me, and some one had fallen in. The poor wretch was doomed to drown in that horrid and impenetrable darkness. I shuddered at the thought of that fate, and moved faster under the whip of impulse. The next moment I brought sharply up against a stone post by which ships were warped in and fastened. Below was the water, and now I could hear the sound of splashing and a voice raised in a cry of terror. Round the post was coiled a heavy rope which I loosened as rapidly as was possible and began to lower over the edge of the basin.

"This way," I called, "make this way. Here is the pier," but the splashing continued, and a smother of sound came to me, as if the swimmer were under water and his voice stifled. Almost without thinking I gripped the thick, tarry rope and let myself over the basin until I had reached the surface of the water.

"This way," I called; "if you can get here I can save you."

The noise seemed to come from some little distance out, and now I was in the water myself, with the cable in my hand, striking out feverishly and awkwardly in the direction of the struggling man. I came upon him in a dozen strokes, and the first news I had of him was a kick in the shoulder that almost tore me from my rope. The next moment I had him by the collar and without more ado was retracing my way, towing a violent mass of humanity behind me. It was only by dint of hard work and by propping him in my arms that I at last landed him on the pier, and then I succeeded in following myself, very sore and stiff and cold.

The first words that sprang from the prostrate figure on the quay were some incoherent oaths, which ultimately took form: "Curse Legrand; curse him!"

"Come," said I, "if you are well enough to swear you are well enough to travel, and we are both of us in a case for treatment."

"I can't see you," said the voice in a grumbling way, "but you saved me. Pull along, and I'll do my best to follow. Where the deuce are we?"

I groped and helped him to his feet. "Give me your arm," said I; "we can't afford to go in again, either of us."

"Were you in, too?" he asked stupidly.

"Well, what do *you* think?" I replied with a little laugh, and began to walk, this time determinately at right angles from the basin.

He said nothing more, but hung on my arm pretty limp as we struggled through the darkness, and presently we both fell over a bale of goods.

"So far so good," I said, picking him up; "we must be in the neighborhood of the sheds. Now to find them and creep along in their protection."

We struck the buildings immediately after, and I had no difficulty in working my way to the end. That took us to dry ground, or, at least, to the sloppy ground at the bottom of the docks. By good fortune we now hit upon the roadway, and it was to me a delight to hear the ring of the hard macadam under our squelching boots. I was now almost cheerful, for I was sure that I could not wander from the road, and, sure enough, we were advertised of our position and heralded all the way by the meagre lamps at intervals. Soon after we reached the gates, which were opened by my friend.

He peered into our faces. "It was a call, sure enough," said I, laughing. "And here's my patient."

When we got into the road the fog had slightly lifted, and I had less difficulty in picking my way home than I had anticipated. Once in the surgery I turned up the lamp and poked the fire into a blaze, after which I looked at my companion. It was with a sense of familiarity that I recognized his face as that which I had seen flitting across the porthole of the Sea Queen. He sat back in the chair in which I had placed him, and stared weakly about the room. The steam went up from both of us.

"Look here," said I, "if we stay so we are dead or rheumatic men," and I went into my bedroom, changed myself, and brought him some garments of my own. These he put on, talking now in the garrulous voice I had heard on the yacht, but somewhat disconnectedly.

"It's awfully good of you . . . a Good Samaritan," and here a vacant laugh. "I wonder if these things . . . How the deuce did I go over? I thought I was going straight. It must have been that infernal fog. . . . Where the dickens are we?"

"You are in my house," said I; "but you might be at the bottom of the basin."

"Good Lord!" he said with a laugh, "I feel mighty shivery. Don't you think a drop of something——"

I looked at him closely. "I think it wouldn't be a bad idea in the circumstances," I said.

"Oh, I know I had too much to carry," he said recklessly. "It made me quarrel with that Legrand, too—a fat-headed fool!"

I rang for water and mixed two hot jorums of whisky, one of which he sipped contentedly.

"You see, we had a rousing time coming over," he observed as if in apology. I looked my question, and he answered it. "Hamburg in the Sea Queen. The old man skipped at Tilbury, and Barraclough's a real blazer."

"Which accounts for the blaze I saw," I remarked dryly.

"Oh, you saw that? Yes, it was that made Legrand mad. But what's the odds? The boss has to pay."

His eyes roamed about the shabby room, shabby from the wretched pictures on the walls to the threadbare carpet underfoot, and though he was not a gentleman, I felt some feeling of irritation. Perhaps if he had been a gentleman I should not have been put out at this scrutiny of my poverty.

"You saved me, and that's certain," he began again. "Say, are you a doctor?"

I admitted it. "Well, can you recommend another glass of toddy?" he asked, smiling, and his smile was pleasant.

"In the circumstances, again—perhaps," I said.

"Oh, I know I played the fool," he conceded. "But it isn't often I do. I must have gone off in the fog. How did you get at me?"

I told him. "Gosh! that was plucky," he said admiringly. "I don't know two folks I'd risk the same for."

"There wasn't much risk," I answered. "It was only a question of taking a cold bath out of season."

"Well!" he said, and whistled. "There's white people everywhere, I guess. Business good?"

The question was abrupt, and I could not avoid it. "You have your answer," I replied with a gesture at the room, and, taking out my cigar-case, I offered him one.

He accepted it, bit off the end and spat it on the floor as if preoccupied. His brow wrinkled as if the mental exercise were unusual and difficult.

"The Sea Queen is a rum bird," he said presently, "but there's plenty of money behind. And she wants a doctor."

"Well!" said I, smiling at him.

"We left a Scotch chap sick at Hamburg," he continued. "The boss is a secret beggar, with pots of money, they say. We chartered out of the Clyde, and picked him up at Hamburg—him and others."

"A pleasure yacht?" I inquired.

"You may call it that. If it ain't that I don't know what it is, and I ought to know, seeing I'm purser. We've all signed on for twelve months, anyway. Now, Doctor, we want a doctor."

He laughed, as if this had been a joke, and I stared at him. "You mean," said I slowly, "that I might apply."

"If it's worth your while," said he. "You know best."

"Well, I don't know about that," I replied. "It depends on a good many things."

All the same, I knew that I did know best. The whole of my discontent, latent and seething for years, surged up in me. Here was the wretched practice by which I earned a miserable pittance, bad food and low company. On the pleasure yacht I should at least walk among equals and feel myself a civilized being. I could dispose of my goodwill for a small sum, and after twelve months—well, something might turn up. At any rate I should have a year's respite, a year's holiday.

I looked across at the purser of the Sea Queen with his good-looking, easy-natured face, his sleek, black hair, and his rather flabby, white face, and still I hesitated.

"I can make it a dead bird," he said, wagging his head, "and you'll find it pretty comfortable."

"Where are you going? The Mediterranean?" I asked.

"I haven't the least idea," he said with a frank yawn. "But if your tickets are all right you can bet on the place."

"I'm agreeable," I said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Good man," said he, with some of his former sparkle of interest. "And now we'll have another to toast it, and then I must be off."

"Don't you think you'd better stay here the night?" I asked. "I can put you up. And the fog's thicker."

"Thanks, old man," he replied with easy familiarity, "I would like a roost, only I've got an engagement. I wired to some one, you know."

"Very well," said I. "If you have an appointment I would suggest that we leave over the toast."

"You're right," he said ingenuously. "But it was a nasty bath. All serene. I'll fix that up. By the way," he paused on his road to the door, "I haven't your name."

"Nor I yours," I answered. "Mine's Richard Phillimore."

"Mine's Lane," he said. "Qualified?"

"M. B., London," I replied.

"Good for you. That'll make it easier. I suppose I can go in your togs?"

"You're welcome," I said, "though they don't fit you very well."

"Oh, I'm a bit smaller than you, I know, but all cats are gray in the dark, and it's infernally dark to-night. Well, so long, and I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure."

He swung out of the door with his free gait, and I stopped him.

"One word more. Who's your owner?"

"The boss? Oh, Morland, Morland—a regular millionaire."

With that he was gone.

CHAPTER II—IN THE THREE TUNS

THE next day I had a full round of visits to make, so that I had little time to think over the adventure of the previous evening. On Saturday I made my way, as usual, to the West End, and spent the afternoon in luxury, basking

THE FACE OF A MAN PASSED ACROSS IT 'TWIXT THE LIGHT AND ME

in the renewal of my self-respect. I had leisure, then, to reflect, and although the more I considered the less appeared the likelihood of any advantage to myself derivable out of Lane's promise, yet I allowed myself the satisfaction of certain inquiries. No one in the club had heard of Morland, the millionaire, and the Sea Queen was unknown to my yachting friends. Moreover, no Morland appeared in the Court Guide. Still, it was quite possible, even probable, that he was an American; so that omission did not abash me. It was only when I rehearsed the circumstances in bald terms that I doubted to the point of incredulity. I had fished up a tipsy fellow, of a loose good-nature, who, under the stimulus of more whisky, had probably, at the best, offered more than he was entitled to do, and who, at the worst, had long since forgotten all about his Good Samaritan. The situation seemed easy of interpretation, and in the warmth of my pleasant intercourse with my companions I presently ceased to ponder it.

Yet when I arrived at my house and opened the letter that awaited me I will confess that I experienced a thrill of hope. It was from Hills, a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and premising that I was a candidate for the post of doctor in the steamship Sea Queen, requested me to call on Monday at three o'clock. This looked, so to speak, like business, and I attended at the address with my mind made up and clear. If I was offered the position I would take it, and so cut my cable.

I had to wait some time in an anteroom, but presently was ushered into the presence of one of the partners, an amiable, businesslike man, with the air of a country squire.

"Doctor Phillimore?" he queried introductively, and I assented.

"Please sit down, will you? You are anxious to take the position of doctor on the Sea Queen?" He consulted some notes before him. "I see. Your name has been mentioned to my client in this connection. I assume you are fully qualified?"

I told him the facts and referred him to the Medical Year Book. "Moreover," I added, "I have no doubt if a recommendation were necessary Sir John Wemyss, of Harley Street, would be willing to write to you."

"Sir John Wemyss," he echoed reflectively. "Oh, yes, the cancer man. Let me see: he was president, wasn't he, of the College of Surgeons?"

"Yes, some years ago," I answered.

"A good man," he declared with a friendly air of patronage. "Well, I don't suppose there would be any difficulty on that score if Sir John will write. My client is a prudent man, and would naturally like to have the best advice available. Moreover, he is quite willing to pay for it. There is, of course, that question." And he looked at me as if inviting my suggestions.

I laughed. "Really, I have no views, only that naturally I should like as large a salary as is compatible with the circumstances."

"Very well, Doctor Phillimore," said he, nodding. "I dare say we can arrange that, too. You are young yet, and the position might lead——" He broke off as the baize door on his left opened noiselessly. "What is it, Pye?"

The clerk bent down and whispered to him. "Oh, very well. It's opportune in a way. Will you ask Mr. Morland to be good enough to come in?"

The little clerk went out with his neat walk, and the solicitor rose. "I shall be able to introduce you to my client, who is the owner of the Sea Queen," he said with certain change of voice, and went to the outer door.

"How do you do, Mr. Morland?" he exclaimed with a cheerful deference, such as was due to the presence of wealth. "I was just engaged on a little matter of yours. I hope you came right up. These dull offices go so much by routine. It was the question of a doctor, sir."

As he spoke he indicated me, and for the first time I saw Mr. Morland.

He was a man of thirty-five, of middle height, slightly disposed to stoutness, but with a fine carriage, and with a bronzed, good-looking face, rendered heavier by the dull expression of his blue eyes. His hair, which was short and worn *en brosse*, after a foreign fashion, was florid.

"Is it the doctor?" he asked, after a glance at me, and though he spoke excellent English there was also something a little foreign in his accent.

"Well, sir, we haven't reached that point yet," said the lawyer, smiling. "This is Doctor Phillimore, whom you wished me to——"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Morland, and he put out a hand mechanically. "You will arrange it," he said to the other with an air of command.

"Most certainly, sir, but I thought you would like to see, being on the spot——"

"No, there is only one thing. You know anything of throats?" he asked suddenly.

I told him I had studied under a specialist at the hospital, as it happened. In these days we doctors are compelled to take special courses in order to keep march with the times.

"That is right," he said, nodding, and the smile that came upon his face turned the eyes bluer. He looked quite handsome. "We must all keep step with the times. I will look to you to arrange it," he added again to the lawyer, and seemed to wait for my dismissal. The solicitor bowed me sharply from the room, for was not his millionaire client in waiting? And I went down the stairs.

It was now past four, and as I came out into the square I saw before me the little lawyer's clerk who had entered the room and had been called Pye. He was talking to another man, and as I passed smiled at me through his pince-nez.

"You saw Mr. Morland?" he asked in a friendly way.

"Yes," I said, and looked at the stranger. There seemed no necessity to say more.

—HIS EARS ALERT, HIS GLASSES SHINING, AND HIS WHITE TEETH GOING TO AND FRO. HE REMINDED ME OF A SQUIRREL

"It is odd that you should encounter here, gentlemen," said Pye, adjusting his glasses, "and yet I suppose it isn't. Mr. Holgate, this gentleman is the future doctor of the Sea Queen."

"Oh, dear me, it isn't settled," said I with a laugh.

Pye beamed at me. "I think I know my chief's face," he said. "It's my business to interpret him, particularly when he can't interpret himself."

The other man laughed lazily. He was a man with a big body, and a face round and gross in proportion, heavy-lidded eyes, and an imperturbable expression.

"This is Mr. Holgate, the third officer," said Pye, by way of introduction, and somehow or other we began to walk in the direction of Holborn. When we had threaded the Great Turnstile the little clerk hesitated and swung round. "I was going to drink a glass of wine to Mr. Holgate. Perhaps you would join us, sir."

"Gladly," said I, for I had made up my mind to take tea before returning to Wapping, and somehow my interview had inspirited me. I took a sanguine view of my chances, for all my words to Pye. Moreover, I have always been interested in my fellow-creatures, and, finally, I was in the mood for a glass of something. Enters this trio, then, into the Three Tuns presently, and sits to a table, in comfortable chairs, with the clatter of the street falling like rain on the senses, and the bright flare of gas among the dark barrels. There was about the place an odor of good-fellowship and of peace that pleased me who had not visited these haunts for years.

Little Pye turned his pince-nez on me as the attendant advanced.

"What'll you have, Doctor?" he asked.

I hesitated. "I suppose it must be port," said I. "Port is more palatable and no more noxious in such places than any other wine."

"Any port in a storm, in fact," said the little man, looking at me quizzically.

"For my part——" said Holgate, in his stuffy, fat voice.

"Port, you should say," interposed Pye with brisk wit. He smiled at his smartness, and his eyes seemed to challenge me to respond.

"There's nothing to beat spirits—and sound rum for choice—but as they won't have it here, I'll take brandy," continued the third officer.

He lighted a cigar and began to smoke, examining everything within eyeshot attentively but with indifference. I think, except for the first glance he had bestowed upon me, that he had completely ignored my presence.

Little Pye put up his glass. "I drink," said he, "to a prosperous voyage, Mr. Holgate, and to pleasant companions."

"Prosperous voyage," said the third officer wheezily, and I murmured something to the same effect.

"You say the old man's velvet," said Holgate, resuming his puffing.

"Well," said Pye, beaming through his glasses, "I wouldn't go so far as to say it, but he looks it. He looks kid-glove."

"I hate 'em," growled Holgate. "I've seen that kind on the ferry—all airs and aitches and frosty as a berg."

"Well, of course, it would be much more satisfactory to be sailing under a real Tartar," remarked the little man with mild pleasantry.

Holgate cast him a glance which inquired but was indifferent. "What's your idea, Doctor?" he asked.

"I have none," said I, smiling. "I am much more interested in third officers."

His masklike face relaxed, and he stroked his black mustaches and took a long pull of his cigar.

"That was very nice of you, Doctor," he said, nodding with more cordiality.

Pye drew an apple from his pocket and carefully bit into it. I don't know why, but it struck me as comical to see him at this schoolboy business, his ears alert, his glasses shining, and his white teeth going to and fro. He reminded me of a squirrel, a fancy to which the little tufts of whisker by his ears lent themselves. He eyed both of us brightly.

"After all," said the third officer heavily, "it's more important in the end to know your owner, let alone his traveling with you. I wouldn't give two straws for the old man, velvet or iron, so long as I could get the lug of my owner."

"You'll find them both all right," said Pye reassuringly. "Captain Day I have seen, and Mr. Morland I know."

"He is very rich?" I asked.

"I'll trouble you for a two and a half commission on it," said the clerk cheerfully, "and then I'd live like a fighting-cock. At least, that's what we all believe. There's no knowing."

The shadows of the November afternoon had gathered in the streets without, and a thin, scant rain was plying. Into the area of warmth and brightness entered more customers and shook the water from their umbrellas. They stood at the bar and drank and talked noisily. Round about us in the loom of the great barrels the shadows lurched from the wagging gas flames. The clerk had finished his apple.

"We will have another," said Holgate.

"This is mine," I said. He shook his head. I protested.

"Doctor, you confess you live in doubt," he said, "whereas I have my appointment in my pocket. Plainly it is my right."

"I think that's a fair argument, Doctor," said Pye.

"I am in your debt," said I lightly, "both for company and wine."

"I'm sure we shall owe you both many a time yet," said the third officer civilly.

At the table near us two men had sat and were talking even as we, but one had a halfpenny paper, and turned the flimsy thing about, I fancy in search of racing news.

"You see, there is no doubt about you——" began Pye amiably, and suddenly dropped his sentence.

In the silence I caught some words from the other table:

"Well, it's good pluck of him if he wants to marry her. What's the odds if he is a prince? Live and let live, I say."

Pye's little squirrel head turned round, and he stared for a moment at the speaker; then it came back again.

"You are polite," said Holgate irritably.

"I'm sorry. I thought I recognized that voice," said the little man sweetly. "One gets echoes everywhere. I was going to say we took you for granted, Doctor."

"It's good of you," said I. "But will Mr. Morland?"

"I can practically answer for my employer; I can't say anything about Mr. Morland, who has, however, authorized us to appoint."

"The yacht is from Hamburg?" said I.

"I believe so," said he.

"And its destination?"

"That knowledge is quite out of my province," said the squirrel briefly.

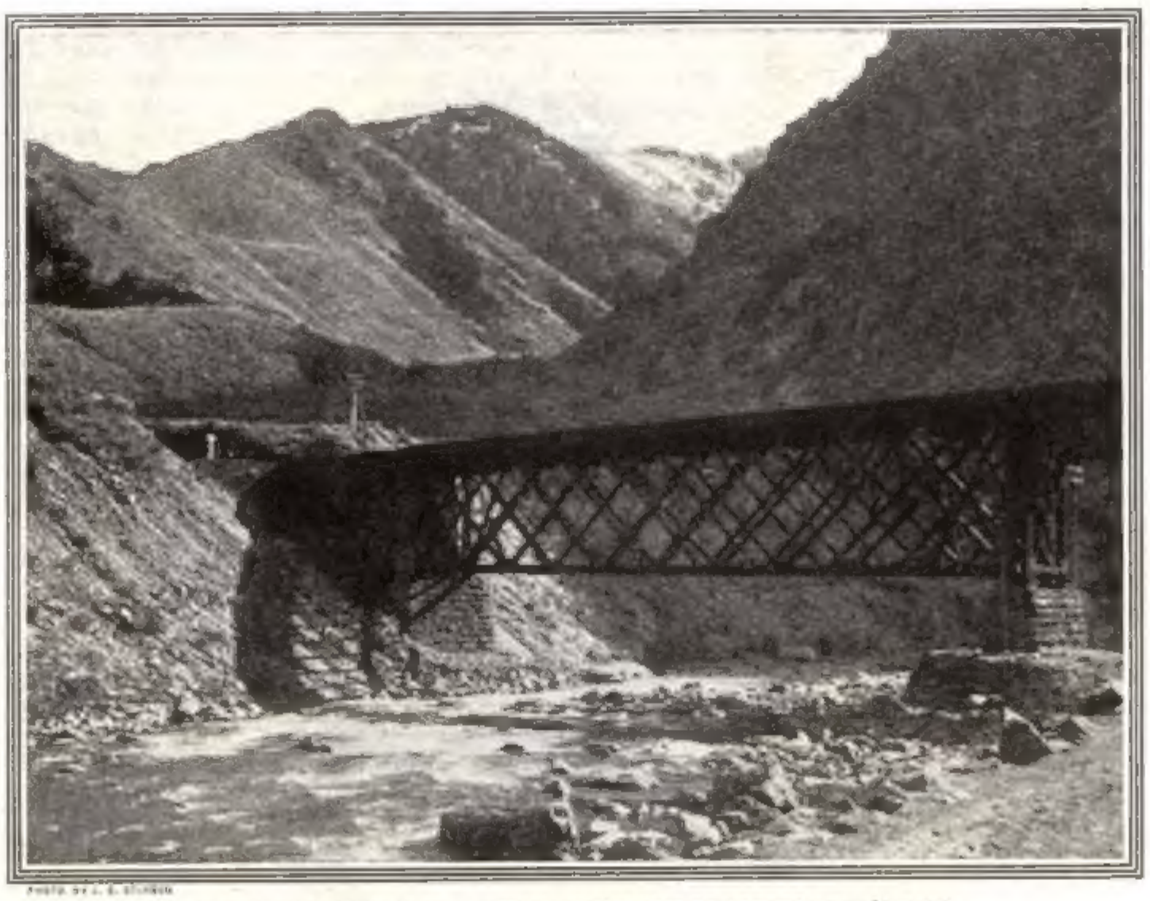
When one came to think of it, it was almost a snub, and I had never any patience for these legal silences. As he shut his jaws he looked a man who could keep a secret and knew his own mind. Yet he had been so easily familiar that I flushed with resentment. Confound these little professional tricks and solemnities. We were meeting on another ground than lawyer and client.

(Continued on Page 22)

THE HARRIMAN LINES

And the Man Who Saves Millions by Spending Millions

By Frank H. Spearman



IN THE WASATCH RANGE — A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE ACROSS DEVIL'S GATE

IN THE years of his reign Edward H. Harriman is youngest among American masters of transportation. It is scarcely more than six years—February 1, 1898—since the reorganization of the Union Pacific was completed and Mr. Harriman and his friends took final and formal possession of it. Within that time he has risen to the very first rank of the powers in American railroading.

What, however, is of more vital matter, the record is that Harriman railroading has been uniformly good railroading. It will be difficult to point a case in which, in Mr. Harriman's hands, a railroad or its public has suffered hardship, and the instances are marked in which the immediate benefits of his control have been to both enormous.

It is not, then, merely that Mr. Harriman is the owner of seventeen thousand miles of railroad; it is, rather, because every mile of road he owns stands for good railroading, that he is worth estimating. He took over the Alton when it had aged like a puffball and was ready to dissolve into dust. For years it had been famed as an earner, and where seven and eight per cent. dividends were treasured as an annual return Alton stock was ranked with things celestial. Unfortunately these really unusual distributions were effected by indefensible economies. Railroading should occupy at least as high an industrial a plane as farming, and a farmer that should strip his land yearly of its total produce and give nothing back to the soil would hardly rank as a thrifty husbandman. Good farmers keep up their machinery, buildings and fences; they fertilize occasionally; but the Alton fertilizing was put wholly into dividends, and Mr. Harriman bought a road that had not alone let bridges, tracks and rolling stock run down, but had sold even terminal rights, while distributing eight per cent. to stockholders. Without delay or hesitation he set about making of the Alton the best possible road of its class, and its class is the first. He has overhauled the system completely, and put it physically a little in advance of every competitor. To instance: For thirty years the Alton had been strong in a territory possessing the richest coal deposits in Illinois, and not until the Harriman forces took hold of the road had it ever developed a coal business. Not only has the new Alton been equipped with what it never had before, cars and motive power to handle this traffic, but its engineers in rebuilding the line show the lowest maximum grades from the Illinois coal fields into Chicago. Beginning with nothing, the new owners have within five years developed a coal traffic that already ranks second in volume among the soft coal roads of its territory.

While, in a legal sense, a railroad may be quite within its rights in declining to provide for the handling of such traffic, deeming it of small profit, and may legally decline to expend earnings in reducing grades and maintaining right of way—in a word, in improving its facilities for doing business—the public dependent on such a road for transportation will, rightly or wrongly, feel that it is entitled to industrial opportunities as good as those enjoyed by more fortunate neighbors: that their railroad should be kept in the front rank just as their homes and streets and farms are kept; and the attitude has much show of reasonableness. These are points which the new policy of the Alton has sought to meet, and that its local public appreciates the effort is shown by the steady development of industries of every sort along its line. Out of an unusually heavy passenger traffic on the Alton ninety per cent. originates in its local territory. Under Harriman management bridges have been eliminated, curves cut out, heavy steel rails laid, new car equipment provided, and motive power has been made to conform to the highest standard. Mr. Harriman has made of the Alton practically a speeding track across Illinois and Missouri, and some conception of the undertaking may be had when the fact is stated that to do it has cost him $19,000 a mile—more money, mile for mile, than has gone into improvements on any portion of his other railroad holdings. What this means to that public which must depend on the Alton for its railroad facilities is a part of the Harriman railroad record. Alton shippers can get rates that put their products on an equal basis in competitive markets because the road can do business against all comers.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of papers by Mr. Spearman descriptive and explanatory of the larger strategy of the great railways. The next will appear in an early number.

CROSSING THE NORTH PLATTE AT FORT STEELE

The Story of the Union Pacific

BUT Mr. Harriman controls also the Union Pacific and its tremendously powerful California ally, the Southern Pacific, as well as the Alton and the Kansas City Southern. Whenever freight is to be moved to or from the Pacific Coast, Harriman lines, from their long intrenchment and their vigorous condition, are first among those to be reckoned with; and in the big system that Mr. Harriman has built up they all group strategically around that road the very name of which, in the story of the American railroad, is a name to conjure with—the Union Pacific.

Of all American roads the Union Pacific has traditions the most spectacular. Its undertaking involved the daring of visionary men. The conception of such a road was among the earliest of American dreams, and while its working out was a national pride it became also a national scandal.

For nearly thirty years after being completed the Union Pacific was operated with varying fortunes. In that sensational period it had shown great earning power but had been at times badly managed. It had played a part never to be forgotten in the development of the West; but its strength was bowed under an insupportable burden of Government debt and Government domination, and the sins of its builders were visited a thousandfold upon its hapless head. It had opened to settlers vast regions of fertile country and brought a new world into touch with metropolitan centres and markets. In every section traversed by this earliest transcontinental line cities and towns had sprung up and prospered, and prosper to-day. The Union Pacific was the West of our pioneer generation, and neither the misfortunes of the one nor the triumphs of the other can ever be divorced; indeed, the industrial and intellectual prosperity of the West is bound up in the story of the Union Pacific.

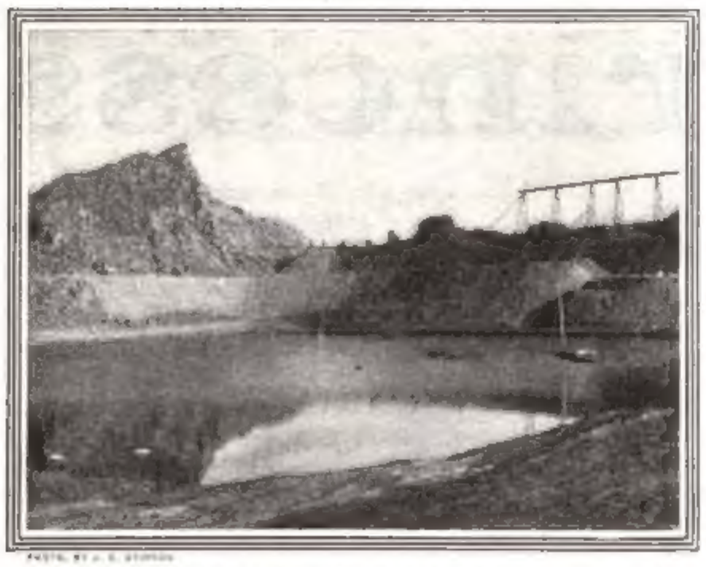
Taking the historical trail of the explorer, the adventurer and the Mormon of the early day, the road followed the valley of the Platte, then a sandy waste and now an irrigated garden, far beyond the hundredth meridian, and preëmpted a railroad territory that under supportable conditions would have given it a position at all times impregnable. But its changing owners, busied with secondary schemes, allowed valuable local territory to be filched from it by the Burlington and the Northwestern, leaving the Union Pacific to stretch its way from the Missouri without one good feeder where it might have had a dozen. With these changing fortunes, the Southern Pacific, California ally of the Union Pacific and its sole outlet to the coast—its absolute dependence for through traffic—became gradually a covert enemy, and building its own lines to the South, diverted traffic as much as possible from the patient Overland route. Left, thus, to the barest of its own resources, strong in its geographical position and weak in every support which a railroad ought to count as strength, the Union Pacific struggled on until 1893, and a receivership closed its first chapter. It was a strange chapter: nothing quite like it in all other American railroading. But it is closed, and the men who, leading forlorn hopes, threw their fortunes, their health, their reputations into that thirty years' struggle will never be forgotten. Monuments to their heroic enterprise dot the country between the sands of the Missouri and the coast of the Pacific. They laid the foundations of a Commonwealth in a wilderness.

The Prussia of Harriman's Empire

PERHAPS the time had never in all that period come when it was possible to raise this prostrate Western giant to its place among American railroads. Many men had contemplated it; great men at times had had the road's management. Possibly, one and all, they shrunk from the Herculean task of acquiring the Southern Pacific in order that their property should not be hung up with a Western terminus in the Utah desert, of a final adjustment of the Government debt, and of the rebuilding of the great road across the Rocky Mountains. At all events, in all of those thirty years no sufficient capitalist, no aggressive railroad owner ever did grapple with the difficulties until Mr. Harriman laid his hands upon this tremendous property and made it the Prussia of his railroad empire.

The Union Pacific had at the time sounded the depths of a financial crisis. For five years it had been in the hands of

MIDWINTER TRACK-LAYING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS



SOME OF THE HEAVIEST WORK EVER ATTEMPTED ON A SINGLE-TRACK ROAD: THE DALE CREEK FILL, MADE WITH 500,000 CUBIC YARDS OF DISINTEGRATED GRANITE, KNOWN AS SHERMAN GRAVEL

LONE TREE FILL—WHERE A TEMPORARY SUSPENSION BRIDGE WAS HUNG BY AN AMERICAN CONTRACTOR TO COMPLETE HIS WORK ON TIME

receivers. A lack of funds had cramped its natural effectiveness, and courts had divided its garments among warring creditors until it was reduced to the plight of a strong man unable to seek work for the lack of a pair of trousers.

The country, by an unfortunate coincidence, was in a condition almost as deplorable. Its industries lay prostrate under the paralysis of the most far-reaching panic of a generation. Not alone was the monetary stringency acute: for the first time since the Haymarket riots men had begun seriously to estimate the symptoms of discontent among that class of our people most susceptible to the influence of industrial agitators. In the railroad world troops had been called out to curb the violence of mobs; in the political world new counselors had arisen with doctrines so sudden and audacious that business men stood confounded. A great political party had surrendered completely to a leader who, with some fantastic show of success, urged his own candidacy for the Presidency of the United States on the strength of his explicit pledge that if elected he would do his utmost to debase the national currency. With apprehension the keynote in financial circles, business everywhere in paralysis, capital hiding in secret places, cash hoarded in safe-deposit vaults, and gold already at a colorable premium, Edward H. Harriman planned and laid the foundations for a movement that was almost at once to elevate him to a first place in the railroad world.

To reflect that this has all taken place within ten years is to cast upon it the shadow of incredibility. When the hour for such an undertaking was ripe Mr. Harriman had to look but five years ahead for justification of his venture. It is a commonplace that times of depression are the times to buy as times of prosperity are the times to sell. What men lack when the outlook is gloomy is the courage to make their convictions operative. It is not that other men do not realize such opportunities or that they do not see during periods of prosperity the coming of that inevitable day when, through monetary stress, good properties may be had for little price: the difficulty when the day comes is that out of one thousand men who have foreseen it but one has the decision to back his judgment. Mr. Harriman possessed the decision; that is why to-day, under brighter skies than those of 1896, we are reading about Mr. Harriman instead of Mr. Harriman reading about us.

Courageous as the idea was in its conception and execution, when the enormous means necessary for buying had been provided Mr. Harriman's work had but begun. He was possessed of a group of exceedingly valuable properties, but all of them stood in urgent need of rehabilitation. He had in the Pacific roads and the Alton the corporate titles, the rights of way and the opportunities: such incidental acquirements as rails, bridges and rolling stock could not seriously be counted into the bargain, for they had seen their day. It remained to transfer them quietly but firmly to the railroad back yard and cheerfully to start anew. Moreover, in railroad practice new standards of track grades and curvature had been set, which must be met in order to compete with the best roads, and these exacting standards were uncommonly expensive. Again, in a crisis equally vital, Mr. Harriman showed the stuff of the unusual man. He decided that his roads must be made good roads, the best of their kind, and for this purpose he made figures. Not all of them can be considered here, but one most interesting estimate was this:

For my immediate necessities (so to say) in railroad rebuilding: One hundred millions of dollars.

This, I take it, above all else in the record of his railroad operations gives the man his rank among really great railroad founders—the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, James J. Hill, Huntington, Garrett, Thomas A. Scott and A. J. Cassatt. It must not be forgotten that other able managers and operators have at different times controlled or owned the Union Pacific. Mr. Harriman was the first to make of it a road of the highest rank physically—a power in the transportation world worthy of standing, conditions allowed for, with the New York Central lines, the Pennsylvania lines or the newer Gould construction.

He needed, for his tremendous work of making over these many thousand miles of railroads, constructionists of the highest order, and these, also, he gathered about him. The Alton he gave to S. M. Felton, the Union Pacific he gave to Horace G. Burt, the Southern Pacific to Julius Kruttschnitt, and the Kansas City Southern to S. R. Knott. It will be observed that all of these men are great constructionists, not only presidents or vice-presidents in the sense of being able executive officers, but are highly trained engineers, capable of doing anything they may order done. They, in turn, chose the strongest men they could find as chief engineers of their various lines to carry out the Harriman plans—Baldwin of the Alton, Hood of the Southern Pacific, Berry of the Union Pacific: all men that rank, among men as strong as American engineers are admitted to be, as exceptional—and with the money ready each man set about his work to make practically new railroads of the Harriman lines.

Horace G. Burt, then president of the Union Pacific, had already left his impress as an engineer on the Chicago and Northwestern road. On him fell the consideration of the enormous engineering difficulties involved in crossing the Rocky Mountain divide. To him must be given credit for the boldness of conception which marks the extraordinary improvements on the new line, and it was his task to convince the new owners of the wisdom of so heavy an outlay. Under his active direction contractors raised an army of laborers to subdue the mountains and assembled an equipment of modern machinery much of which was then used for the first time in railroad building. Under Burt these Western men completed in less than two years the work of five, and every day the heavy traffic flowed without interruption over the line they were rebuilding. It is not, perhaps, commonly understood that the highest barrier presented to the Union Pacific in its transcontinental run lies immediately west of the plains about Cheyenne, where the line strikes that secondary range of the Rockies known as the Black Hills. What makes the ascent of these hills of especial difficulty is a great elevation coupled with unusually short slopes. Just here, at the outset, almost, the Union Pacific rises to its greatest height above the sea, and here, in the rebuilding, lay the problem before Berry, chief engineer, as to how the grade of this granite summit might possibly be reduced. New limits had been set to the gradients of the proposed improvements; but it is one thing in a directors' meeting to adopt a grade over the Rockies of forty-three feet to the mile and quite another to go into the Rockies and run it. The chief engineer had to match his wits against those of engineers who, a generation earlier, had laid out the pioneer line and done their work well: thirty-five years of reflection, observation and criticism from the best constructionists in the world have failed to develop flaws in this earliest effort of Americans at bridging the Rockies. The Rocky Mountain engineer of that day had command of practically all of the advantages that those of to-day have, save only access to Mr. Harriman's pin-money: even then the difficulties of getting a better grade than the earliest one across the hills proved enormous. To find the line that Berry determined he must have, he sent good men into the hills only to be told on their return that where he wanted a line there was none. But when they tried to maintain this, the personal equation, that subtle and incalculable factor in men which in the overcoming of difficulties makes the slight difference between success and failure, intervened. The chief engineer, undaunted, refused to abide by the findings. He sent

(Concluded on Page 24)

FISH CUT—A CUT MADE THROUGH MILLIONS OF PETRIFIED FISHES, SHOWING OLD TRACK AND NEW

BALLASTING TRACK—BITTER CREEK. "THE FOLKS ON BITTER CREEK IS BAD. THE HIGHER UP YOU GIT THE WUSS THEY BE: I COME FROM THE HEADWATERS"

THE EAST ENTRANCE OF SHERMAN TUNNEL—THE HIGHEST POINT AT WHICH THE UNION PACIFIC NOW CROSSES THE ROCKIES. ELEVATION 8000 FEET, TUNNELING 1800 FEET THROUGH SOLID GRANITE

A Democratic Princess

A Double-Barreled Romance

By George Hibbard

IN SPITE of all precautions and mystifications everybody understood who she was. The secret, if anything so manifest could be called a secret, was an open one — Punchinello's secret — the property of the whole world. No one at the little *bad* was in ignorance. From the English Ambassador at the Kaiserhof to the man who watered and swept the street, all knew the truth.

She was supposed to be the Countess von Sonnen-Wendenstein, but those who saw the small figure were not misled. She herself, though she tried to forget, could not manage it, or, if she did, only arrived at a sort of unreality that was perplexing. The elaborate ceremony of feigning that she was some one else was almost as tiresome as the formality from which she had escaped. The pompous *portier* at the door of the hotel gravely went through the farce of assuming that she was no more than any distinguished traveler. When she passed in the automobile the people merely gazed after her curiously instead of bowing as they usually would have done. At the entrance to the Park the sentry did not present arms. She could walk about the little town with the old Baroness von Altleben. She could enter the shops—buy flowers at the street corners. Still, the small world of the small place watched her. As, however, she had been accustomed to being watched all her life she was not troubled by this. The conditions, however, were disappointing. Life was not so very unlike the usual existence at the Residenz, whereas she wished ardently to have it different—to experience something new.

When she had been told that she was to be taken incognita to Schönbach because the venerable court physician declared she should drink the waters she was overjoyed. She made very vague but very exciting pictures for herself. The expedition appeared to her in the nature of an adventure of the greatest proportions, in which anything might happen and something assuredly would happen. She promptly took all the incidents of romance which she had gathered from all the books which had been permitted her, and transported them into the near future. Nothing so thrilling had ever occurred before. Indeed, nothing much, as she considered, had ever happened to her from her birthday, duly recorded in the proper place between the red covers of the Almanach de Gotha. All her life was told, in truth, by what the page implied:

STOLTZBERG—HOHENFELS

Évangéliques—Souche: Adelbert, cousin et général de l'empereur Arnould de la maison carolingienne, margrave du pays sous l'Ems, vivant vers 907; Comte palatin d'Einsturz (du nom d'un château fort aujourd'hui en ruines, situé près de Hallenhofen, Woldau) Prince de Zollern 1218; investiture de margraviat de Ernstadt 1362; le titre de "Durchlaucht" (Altesse Sérénissime) confirmé 11 Avril 1664; . . . . qualification d' "Altesse Royale" pour le gd-duc héritier et d' "Altesse grand-ducale" pour tous les princes et toutes les princesses, et tous les margraves de Stoltzberg-Hohenfels, 15 Août 1844—

While a few lines below the account ran:

3) Psse. *Ottalie*-Hélène-Wiltrude-Henriette-Thyra-Ludwiga-Sophie-Dorothée, née au chât. de Grünwald 2 June 1883.

Her whole story was there from the day when she had first been known as "The Little Princess." This had remained as she grew up—first, because she was such a small Princess, indeed, with her slight figure; secondly, the people had kept it as a name of affection, for the fact had become known that she had ideas of her own—ideas which were singular, novel, startling—democratic ideas for one of her race. In fact, in the drawing-rooms of Paris and Vienna she had another name—"La Princesse Démocratique." Her very last independence in insisting upon an automobile and conducting it herself had convulsed the small court. Nothing of the sort was ever known before. Her brother, the Grand Duke of Stoltzberg-Hohenfels, had protested vigorously. Still she had prevailed, as she usually did—with a gentle persistence not to be gainsaid.

And, then, to escape all and go alone to Schönbach. To be sure, the going alone was also something of a fiction, which caused her to sigh. The Baroness von Altleben, lady-in-waiting of the household of the Princess Ottalie; old General Steiglitz and his wife; Captain von Dömpling, aide-de-camp; Doctor Pflug.

"A caravan," said the Princess Ottalie discontentedly.

If she could only be really alone, she thought, as she sat in the yellow and gilt splendor of the best apartments that the Kaiserhof could afford. Outside the sky was unbrokenly blue. The world of the gay, little toy city was astir in the street below. From the distant Place came the sprightly music of the band made alluring by its faintness. A soft breeze wafted gently through the open window. Flowers were everywhere. She was young. The month was May.

The Princess Ottalie smiled. She was as free as she could hope to be. The adventure had begun: why did not something happen? She had been at Schönbach a day, and nothing unusual had taken place.

This was unprecedented with heroines. Some remarkable incident was sure to occur within at least twenty-four hours. She sat with her little hands folded and looked rather dolefully at the shining points of her little shoes at the edge of her soft gray dress.

The Princess Ottalie started perceptibly. She gave a little quick gasp. Her small face flushed adorably. Her eyes—wide open—shone brightly. Even her lips were parted. The unexpected had arrived. Not only was the thing itself delightfully startling, but the Princess' quick young fancy saw endless possibilities. This was quite as the course of events should be—entirely as she had been led to expect that such matters came to pass. Yet the sudden appearance and stopping of a large red automobile beneath the window was all that had happened. Surely she knew the broad back of the owner, who was bending over in consultation with the chauffeur. She could not be mistaken about the thick, dark, crisp hair under the cap. She rose and with a swift movement stationed herself behind the heavy saffron curtains.

"Your Highness!" said a measured voice sharply.

Princess Ottalie whirled swiftly about. The Baroness von Altleben was observing her closely. The little Princess looked down and blushed. The Baroness had taken charge of her education, and she had never been able to overcome her youthful awe.

"Ah!" observed the Baroness as she came and looked over the Princess' shoulder. "The young man whom one always meets in the Park at the Residenz."

"Are you sure?" the Princess asked delightedly.

"Very strange," murmured the Baroness. Then, as she saw the Princess' rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, she continued sharply, "And yet, what more natural. The waters are most sought this year. Of course he has come like all other common travelers."

"He does not look like the—usual tourist," the Princess declared boldly.

"I had not observed him particularly," sniffed the Baroness. "A most ordinary young man, he appears to me."

That afternoon the Princess saw the automobile which had paused before the hotel coming swiftly down the road. She saw it while it was a long distance off. She felt as if something made her conscious that it was coming even before she beheld it. When she discerned it sweeping down in a cloud of dust her heart beat strangely. Her hand trembled a little on the wheel which she held. Her own machine swerved slightly from the straight course. As he passed with a rush and a roar the young man raised his cap. Swiftly she bowed.

"Ach!" cried the Baroness beside her. "Is he not aware that he sees but the Countess von Sonnen-Wendenstein?"

"Probably," said the Princess, "he does not know."

"He bowed as if passing in the Herzogengarten, and you——" grumbled the old court lady, "as if to an old friend. Ah, a graciousness to the people is well, but as if you were any fräulein——"

"Do you know who he is?" the Princess interposed.

"No, your Highness," protested the Baroness, shaking her head vigorously.

"I—I wish you did," ventured the Princess in a low tone.

The Baroness frowned upon the landscape that permitted strange young men in automobiles to appear thus inopportunely.

Princess Ottalie was silent during the rest of the afternoon. A thoughtful look was in her eyes. A certain pensiveness was indicated by her attitude. Only when the Baroness left her alone with her maid did she seem to arouse herself. Then she threw herself down upon a couch and snapped her little fingers with some vigor.

"I am tired," said the Princess.

"Yes, your Most Gracious Highness," assented the girl.

"I am tired because I am not amused," the Princess continued. "I thought I should be amused, but I am not."

"Oh, your Most Gracious Highness!" the maid exclaimed helplessly.

"There are numbers of people here who are amusing," the Princess went on, "and amusing things to do if I could do them."

"But your Most Gracious Highness can do anything," said the maid, staring.

"No, Annette, I cannot," Princess Ottalie answered. "I cannot do anything. But I am going to do something. I have as much right to life as any one."

She tapped her foot impatiently. She did not like talking to her maid so intimately about her state of mind. Annette, though, was the only person about her of at all her own age.

"I do not know what I shall do—but something," she pursued as she gave herself into the maid's hands. After a moment she appeared to reach a mighty resolve. "Annette, you have noticed the travelers stopping in the hotel. Have you seen a young man?"

"A tall young man with dark eyes and a large automobile?" asked the maid volubly.

"Yes," said the Princess. Her hair was undone, and as she spoke she retired behind the thick, fine, curling mass which she shook forward over her face. "Do you think you could learn who he is?"

"But I know," cried Annette joyfully. "I have heard the talk. He is an American."

In her amazement the Princess emerged from the concealing locks, throwing them back as she threw up her head.

"An American!"

She had heard of America—that strange country where such wonderful things happened. Princess Ottalie tried to remember what she knew about it. America. That was where there were Indians, and buildings so tall that the clouds rested upon them. That was where cities as big—bigger—than the Residenz sprang up in a day—or did storms pick up whole cities and carry them somewhere else? Princess Ottalie was not quite sure. Perhaps both. At least, that was where every one was always in such a hurry that people lived in railway trains. Yes, she was perfectly sure that balls were given in them and people were married at hundreds of miles an hour. And everybody was hugely rich and owned everything. She had heard Carl speak of the "American invasion," and declare petulantly that if something was not done the Americans would own all of Europe. There the young girls did exactly as they pleased and went where they liked. Princess Ottalie flushed a little as she thought of this, and felt uncomfortably confused. They were often engaged to two or three men at the same time. And—she had been taken to see the "Wild West"—there were cowboys. This caused her to pause and reflect.

"But he does not look like an American," she observed critically.

"No, your Most Gracious Highness," Annette hurried on, glad of the chance to talk. Indeed, everything was forgotten, and the two were chattering quickly. "He looks like every one else."

"Only better," insisted the Princess. "Every one has a mustache with the ends turned up, or a beard. But his face without anything is so frank and open and pleasant——"

"With such a nice smile," said Annette ecstatically.

"Yes," said Princess Ottalie dreamily. "A charming smile."

"Oh," cried Annette, quite forgetting herself, "I am sure that he has followed your Highness here."

"You must not say so;" and Princess Ottalie added quickly, "How do you know?"

"Because," babbled the girl, "Johann, the porter, told me that he first asked if your Highness was at the hotel."

Princess Ottalie looked thoughtfully before her at the image in the glass.

That evening she was so distracted that the Baroness noticed the unusual humor. The Princess played a little. She stared a little out of the window into the lamp-lit darkness. She moved uneasily from one chair to the other.

"Your Highness appears to be restless," said the Baroness dryly.

"No—no," Princess Ottalie responded. "I think that I am bored. I want something."

"What would your Highness desire to do?" the Baroness demanded.

Princess Ottalie reflected.

"I think I should like to read about America," she answered decidedly.

The Baroness looked up in amazement.

"Have you any book about America?" the Princess went on.

"A most remarkable request," the Baroness commented. "Naturally, there are none, nor can they be procured at this hour."

"Then we can talk about it," cried the Princess, sinking down on a low stool. "What do you know about America?"

If the Baroness had been asked to furnish information about the moon she would not have been more at a loss.

"Nothing, indeed," she exclaimed in consternation. "What can make you think of that savage land?"

"It is not a savage land," the Princess announced. "I have heard them say that it is a great country—that it is the country of the future."

"Possibly," assented the Baroness. "But it is very far off."

"Yes," agreed the Princess thoughtfully. "It is very far off—and yet—one sees Americans constantly."

"But one does not know them," replied the Baroness astutely. "They are not at court."

"Why not?" Princess Ottalie insisted. "In America every man is a—gentleman." She was going to say "noble," but that did not seem quite right, and she substituted the other word at the last instant. "And a gentleman," she continued, "is he not the equal of any one?"

"Ach," said the Baroness impatiently. "Such strange fancies. No wonder you are called the names you are."

"I don't mind," said the Princess rebelliously. "I don't think that the world is right as it is. Why should some have so much and—and, because they have so much, sometimes have so little?"

She paused in thought.

"I do not quite follow," said the Baroness doubtfully.

"No, of course not," the Princess exclaimed. "Do you know nothing, then," she asked earnestly, "about America?"

The Baroness shook her head. The Princess sighed.

On the following afternoon Princess Ottalie in the automobile—far out in the country—was not sighing. The trees were in full leaf and with the first untarnished green of spring. The sky seemed to have a new and fresher blue. Delicious whiffs of the warming earth came in soft gusts across the dull brown fields. The day was one to cause the pulse to beat—the heart to be glad. Princess Ottalie felt the full inspiration of the time. Down the firm, hard road the automobile rushed until the Baroness, clinging to the side, quaked in terror. Suddenly the Princess slowed down the machine.

"Bother!" she said.

"What is it?" gasped the Baroness.

"I don't know. One of the thousand and one accidents that can happen."

The chauffeur got out and knelt in the road, staring under the vehicle. Presently he rose and shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't you do anything?" the Princess demanded.

The man began a long explanation.

"And we are four miles from the town."

A dull "honck" sounded in the distance. The Princess turned. In a moment the other automobile which she found approaching was up—was beside them—had been brought to a standstill.

"Can I do anything?" The young man rose in the machine with his hat in his hand. In the moment of time the Princess thought that to see such strength and confidence was good. She felt also that she was blushing a little, and the knowledge did not increase her composure.

"We appear to be broken down hopelessly," she replied before the Baroness, who she saw was about to speak, had quite decided what properly might be said. English the Princess Ottalie spoke perfectly. Had not her mother been English, and had she not spent many months of her short life with her English royal cousins?

"Perhaps I could do something," he said briskly. "I know a great deal about automobiles."

He jumped into the road. He glanced at the machine. He interrupted the explanations of the chauffeur and nodded.

"The difficulty appears to be irreparable," he announced in conclusion. "The best thing will be to use my machine."

"Ach, no," the Baroness protested.

"Indeed, yes," the Princess Ottalie interrupted promptly, but with the authority which she could express at times, and which made her small person a spectacle of compelling dignity. "You have solved the difficulty—with your kindness. If the trouble is not too great to take us."

"Not at all," he answered swiftly. "I consider it a great pleasure and honor, your——"

"I am," interrupted the Princess quickly, "the Countess of Sonnen-Wendenstein. One should know those whom one befriends, and"—she hesitated—"those by whom one is befriended."

"My name is Dalton—James Dalton."

"Yes, Monsieur Dalton;" and the Princess held out her hand for him to help her to descend. But when she held it she jumped lightly to the road. The Baroness disregarded his proffered aid and clambered down heavily.

The Princess had never had such a ride in her life. With a dash and a swing they were away. Dalton did not speak.

"I WANTED TO MAKE MONEY THE FASTEST POSSIBLE—BECAUSE OF A GIRL"

The Princess rode in silence. He gave his whole attention to the machine. The Princess concluded that, though praiseworthy, such punctiliousness was exasperating.

With marked skill Dalton swung down the highways, turned the sharpest corners. The Princess had never gone so fast before. Only when the machine was approaching the town, to which she had decided she wished to return, did Dalton lessen the speed.

"Oh," said the Princess, clapping her hands. "It was glorious. I never rode like that. You conduct wonderfully—marvelously——"

"It is the machine," said Dalton. "That is perfect, as you see."

"I was sorry when there was the accident," said the Princess, "but now I am glad. I was going to find some wild flowers in the woods, but this has been—more exciting."

"Let me show you what the machine can do."

In and out they went through the town. They dodged carriages, slipped past carts. At length, with a figure eight, Dalton drew up before the hotel.

"I do not know how to thank you," murmured the Princess. "Our good fortune that you happened to be passing at the moment was great——"

"Yes," Dalton laughed, "certainly I consider that I was very lucky to come up just then."

The Princess blushed again as he looked at her. To know that he had followed her was thrilling; but to have him know that she knew it was embarrassing.

"Now we will go in," remarked the Baroness, climbing down from the tonneau. "The gentleman has been too good."

When the Princess saw herself in her mirror she stared at the reflection. She herself could see a change. She wondered if others would observe anything. She was aware of an animation of expression she had never noticed before. At the same time she was conscious of a strong vitality that was new. Ah, existence was so full—life so worth living—the world such a good place. She fairly danced into the drawing-room where the Baroness was waiting for her for dinner. Seizing that conservative and stout person about the waist she waltzed her over the floor until she was breathless.

"Are you mad?" the Baroness panted. But the Princess did not answer. She only smiled.

At dinner she talked of anything and everything until General Steiglitz gazed at his wife in questioning amazement.

The night was perfect. At eleven the moon rose full over the Park trees. The Princess stood on the balcony looking at it. But her high spirits were gone. Suddenly she felt as unaccountably sad as she had felt herself singularly gay. Nothing had changed. She was the same, but instead of gayety she experienced a sensation of gentle melancholy.

She started. She bent forward and gazed over the edge of the balcony. In the distant darkness below she saw a tall figure coming down the walk. The nocturnal wanderer as he smoked sang to himself in very lightness of heart, not loudly, but as he might in the informal little watering-place. For a moment he paused, gazing at the moon, and, as she thought, in the direction of her own windows. The refrain came to her softly:

There's on-ly on-e girl in this world for me.

The Princess thrilled. How charmingly direct. What delightfully simple words. What satisfactory naturalness. She had never heard the song before, and she crouched in the dark corner listening. A serenade. The adventure was beginning—had begun. She was living—at last.

The next morning was marked by an incident important in the life of any girl—particularly in the life of Princess Ottalie of Stoltzberg-Hohenfels. With the breakfast came to her a bunch of flowers. It lay beside the cup—soft and fragrant—on the silver. Princess Ottalie caught it up, and as she did so noticed Annette's guilty look.

"What is it?" she demanded. As she spoke she felt the stiffness of a piece of paper among the leaves.

"What is this?"

She drew out the hidden missive and unfolded it. In an instant her eyes—wondering—had seized the words:

"In the place of those which could not be gathered yesterday, and asking the great privilege of speaking a few words."

Princess Ottalie was speechless. Such a thing had never happened before. And yet——

"Oh, your Most Gracious Highness," cried Annette, throwing herself on her knees and catching her sleeve. "Forgive me——"

"You have done very wrong," said Princess Ottalie severely, and then speedily: "How did it happen?"

"The poor young gentleman begged so, and seemed so earnest."

"Yes," said Princess Ottalie softly.

"I—I did what he asked—and brought the flowers."

"They are quite fresh," said the Princess. "The dew is on them yet. The place where they are to be found is six miles away. He must have gone very early this morning."

"At daybreak," Annette answered.

Princess Ottalie nodded. She took a long breath and laughed. This was as it should be. Billets-doux. Nosegays. Bribing serving-women. The very elements of Romance. There were only wanting rope-ladders—post-chaises—— Of what was she thinking? She grew a rosy red.

"But such boldness," she said. "Still," she continued, "did I not say that I was the Countess of Sonnen-Wendenstein. And might not she—might not he—— Really—and in America."

She paused, a small, thoughtful wrinkle across her low, smooth brow.

"Annette," she said briskly, "you will see the gentleman again."

"Yes, your Most Gracious Highness," stammered the girl.

"You will say that the Countess—remember, the Countess—visits this afternoon the Schloss Eulburg. That she desires particularly to see the view from the west tower at five o'clock."

The small, grim castle rose from the crest of the steep little hill. Eulburg was an historic place. One of the Princess Ottalie's own ancestors in a long-past century had taken part

in a dramatic moment in one of the high, dark apartments. The guides of to-day pointed out a stain in the floor as an aid —credulity permitting—for the tourists' fancy. But the Schloss was not in any of the well-worn ways of travel and was not frequented by the multitude. For the most part, only the visitors at the little *bad* made afternoon excursions to it. Generally the rooms and terrace and battlements were deserted.

Princess Ottalie came through the low, narrow door. She glanced swiftly about. Overhead the sky was a bright blue. The few small, soft, white clouds were such as float serenely when pleasant days have succeeded each other and pleasant days are to succeed. Below the country extended hazily—apparently as far off as the clouds above. The platform of the tower was placed between heaven and earth—cut off from all—from fact—from reality—from responsibility.

"Oh!" she murmured, "I should not have come. What can you think of me?"

"Nothing could be more kind," said Dalton, springing up from the long stone seat against the parapet.

"I have run away," gasped the Princess. "They should not be able to find me for ten minutes." She drew a long breath of the pure air, fresh with the newness of spring, warm with the fullness of summer.

"I feel—free," she exclaimed, gazing about as if ready to soar like the little brown birds circling about the old battlement.

"It's jolly up here," Dalton assented, looking at her with admiration. "And it was awfully good of you to let me speak to you. I was cheeky—bold enough to ask you."

"Yes," said Princess Ottalie serenely. "It was very wrong. But I have done wrong, and—though two wrongs do not make a right—the two wrongdoers cannot very well blame each other."

She laughed merrily as a child laughs.

"I—I suppose, too, that a girl in your country would do this?" she said.

Dalton looked puzzled.

"See people alone. I want to do the American way," she announced.

"Yes," said Dalton slowly. "In America a girl often talks with men and walks with men. But you——"

"I am the Countess Sonnen-Wendenstein," Princess Ottalie interrupted. "And I may do as I please. In America this would not be so—shocking. We shall pretend that we are in America."

"It doesn't look much like it," said Dalton.

"And you shall speak to me as you would in America," the Princess interrupted. "Oh, I wish to forget. I—I have been forgetting," she concluded softly. "I did not know what was going to happen when I came. But I knew something was going to happen."

"And something has happened?" Dalton asked.

"You do not know," she said earnestly, "what it is to have anything happen—in my life."

"You—a——" he exclaimed.

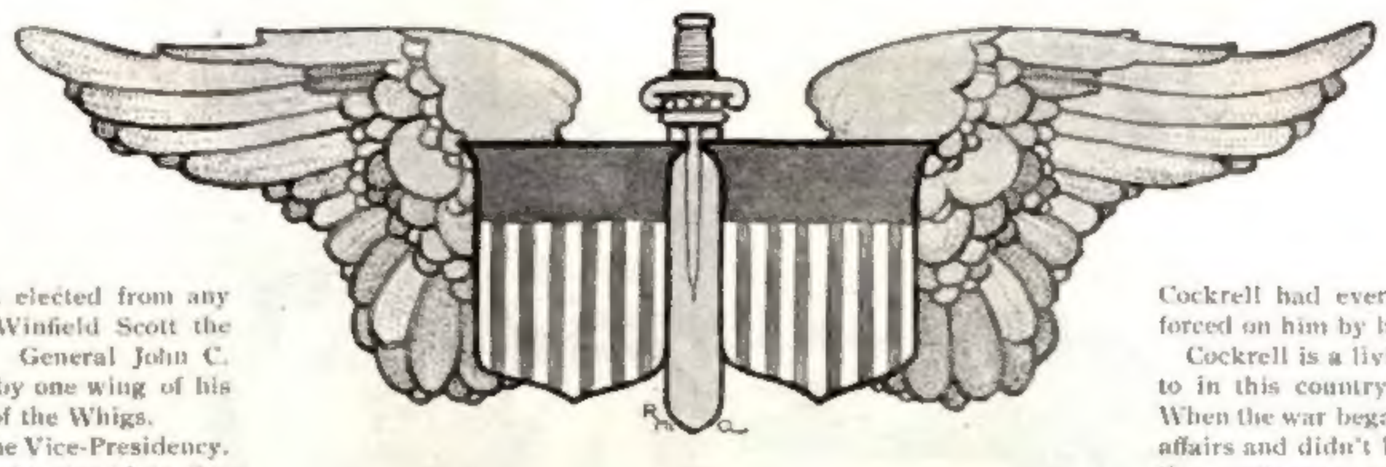
"The Countess of Sonnen-Wendenstein," she interrupted. "I seem to be several things. That and an American girl. What would an American girl say?"

(Continued on Page 20)

MISSOURI'S CANDIDATE

An Informal Nomination for the Presidency

By CHAMP CLARK



IN ONE respect the Presidential situation has been deplorable since 1860, and that is, for one reason or another, during all that time the citizens of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Missouri have been as completely barred from being Presidential nominees of any great party as if they were inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands. In fact, the date ought to be set farther back. General Zachary Taylor was the last President elected from any of those fifteen States and General Winfield Scott the last nominated by a united party. General John C. Breckinridge was nominated in 1860 by one wing of his party, and John Bell by the remnant of the Whigs.

The situation is nearly as bad as to the Vice-Presidency. Andrew Johnson was the last man elected to that high office and B. Gratz Brown—Horace Greeley's running mate—the last nominated by either of the great parties from any of those States.

Any man, great or small, elected Governor of New York, Ohio or Indiana, either Democrat or Republican, immediately and *ipso facto* becomes a Presidential possibility; but no man from any of the fifteen States named as under the ban, no matter how great his talents or how distinguished his services to his country, has had any reasonable show in the last forty-four years of receiving the highest political honor within the gift of the American people.

Such a condition of affairs is most unhealthy, and should be remedied. No valid reason can be given for its continuance—if there ever was one for its existence. It's an insult to common-sense and an outrage on the patriotism of thirty million Americans.

Missourians are growing restive under this exclusion policy. We propose to present to the grand conclave of Democracy at St. Louis, in July, Missouri's favorite son, General Francis Marion Cockrell, who, like the Chevalier Bayard, is *sans peur et sans reproche*, and to do all that in us lies to secure for him the Presidential nomination.

General Cockrell is in every way fit, and Missouri is the most populous State that is reliably Democratic. She intends that now and hereafter her distinguished sons shall have due consideration in connection with the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

It is urged that because Missouri is reliably Democratic the nomination should go to a doubtful State, when the truth is that an outside Democratic candidate can poll more votes in New York than any New Yorker and more in Indiana than any Hoosier.

The Republicans have never nominated but one man from a doubtful State, General Benjamin Harrison; and they did not nominate him because Indiana was doubtful but because the convention was worn out, at its wits' end, and took him as a last resort.

The Tribute of a Political Opponent

IT IS said that General Cockrell is too old. As a matter of fact he is not old at all—he is sixty-nine years young—in the very prime of life.

Oh! but he was a Confederate soldier! Of course he was, and a good one, but in his twenty-nine years' service in the Senate he has been one of the very best friends to Union veterans, and they love him for his work in their behalf. The brave admire the brave, and his Confederate record would help rather than hurt him with those who fought under the Stars and Stripes—especially in this new era of good feeling, following close after a war two of whose prime heroes were General Joe Wheeler and General Fitzhugh Lee.

What manner of man is General Cockrell? He is one of the most valuable public servants the United States has ever had, brave as a lion, plain as an old shoe, industrious as a steam engine, tireless as the force of gravitation, honest as the day is long, faithful to his duty as the needle to the pole, an American to his heart's core. The Government could not be placed in safer hands.

Roscoe Conkling, a political opponent, once declared that when General Cockrell had investigated a business proposition and declared it was correct he asked no further question but followed the great Missourian with the most implicit confidence.

Some dudish young man recently said that Cockrell looks like Uncle Sam, and I suppose he thought that excruciatingly funny. He was within the shadow of a great truth, and would not have been wide of the mark if he had said he is Uncle Sam, *for* when chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations he came nearer being the Government than any other man in either branch of Congress. In Richelieu Bulwer declares:

> Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword;

and from that day to this the boys in debating societies all over the land have been arguing the relative power of pen and sword. I remember trying my oratorical wings on that exciting theme years ago, before I could sprout a mustache or look a girl squarely in the face. The world is still divided on that burning issue, and always will be. It deserves to rank with that other great question, "Which is of most use, fire or water?" But there is a thing more powerful than pen or sword. It is the almighty dollar. He who holds the purse-strings of a nation is master of the situation; and for a time Cockrell held them, and held them with an iron grip.

He has no faith in the old adage: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," for he always works and never plays. I'll warrant the fact to be that he has put in more hours at his official toils than any other man that ever served an equal number of years in the Senate. If he had not had an iron constitution he would have been dead long ago. In the awful tug of the tariff debate in the dog-days of 1894 he looked so hollow-eyed that his friends persuaded him that he should take a much-needed rest, and he did. He left Washington for Fortress Monroe on Saturday evening and was back in his seat Monday morning. I heard Senator Arthur P. Gorman gleefully relating how Cockrell had taken a vacation of one day and how much it had reinvigorated him, and the Marylander vowed that was the only holiday that Cockrell had ever taken in his life—and that that was forced on him by his Senatorial confrères.

Cockrell is a living example of what a man may come to in this country when he consecrates himself to duty. When the war began he was green as a gourd in military affairs and didn't know enough to get his company out of the courthouse yard at Warrensburg when elected captain. When it closed he was a brigadier-general, commanding a division, and had it lasted four years longer the chances are that he would have been commander-in-chief of all the Confederate forces.

He has a soldier's face—especially the nose. Lord Napier himself did not possess a fiercer eagle's beak. Time and toil have ravaged his countenance now, but when I first saw him he was an unusually handsome man.

Cockrell's reputation for work has overshadowed the reputation he ought to have for brains. Entering the Senate without legislative training of any sort, he has come to be regarded as one of the great members of that body. He is fit for any position within the gift of the American people.

I asked one of his Pike County soldiers what was the secret of his success in war.

"Oh," he replied, "while the other fellows were fussing and fuming about rank and grades Cockrell was fighting, and between battles was lying flat on his stomach in his tent studying Hardee's tactics."

I asked him how Cockrell acted in battle. He said:

"He told us to come on, not go on. At the battle of Corinth, Cockrell's horse, Old Yellow, was shot dead under him by a cannon ball while leading a charge. As the horse fell Cockrell jumped over its head, lighted on his feet, and waving his sword above his head marched straight toward the enemy's centre."

Cockrell never sets up for a wit. Nobody ever thinks of him in that connection. If he were, Vicksburg, with its bloody horrors, would have been the most grewsome place on earth for the exercise of that pleasing gift, but in the excitement of one of the days when the fighting was the hottest Cockrell perpetrated a bull worthy of Sir Boyle Roche himself.

The Regiment that Died Two Deaths

IT WAS when the works were being sapped and Colonel Erwin, a grandson of Henry Clay, commanded the Sixth Missouri Infantry. The Second was Cockrell's own; but being senior colonel, Cockrell commanded both. The Sixth was in front of the Second. A mine was exploded under the Sixth, and many a brave Missourian was blown into eternity. Erwin jumped on a parapet and in the endeavor to rally his men was instantly killed. Cockrell rushed to the front, and in a voice that rang clear above the roar of artillery, cried:

"Come on, Old Bloody Second Missouri; you have died once, and can die again!"

There was no fun in it then; but his soldiers got lots of amusement out of it afterward, and it was a long time before Cockrell heard the last of that unique invitation to the festival of death. Subsequently, when his brigade was on the march and they got stuck in the mud and mixed up in the darkness, some soldier would sing out:

"Come on, Old Bloody Second Missouri, you have died once, and can die again!" and the piny woods would ring with it and with cheers for Frank Cockrell—for that is what his men call him to this day.

In style of speaking Cockrell and Vest are as wide apart as the poles. There is nothing spectacular, humorous, sarcastic, classic or eloquent about Cockrell. Like Mark Antony, he is "a plain, blunt man," and he pounds away in sledge-hammer style, pouring out from his wonderful memory every fact and figure tending to sustain his side of the question till he overwhelms the opposition. In debate he fights with the same grim determination that he evinced on a hundred fields of carnage. His speeches are rich mines of information.

Vest is one of the wittiest, most sarcastic and eloquent of mortals, and is the best man in Missouri to send into a strong Democratic community to arouse the faithful to enthusiasm; but Cockrell is far better to send among the disgruntled to soothe them and induce their return to the fold. As a vote-getter he has no superior in the land

As a public speaker each has his own proper uses and his own peculiar field. If any converts are ever made by stump speeches, which I doubt exceedingly, Cockrell would bag more of them than Vest.

The secrets of Cockrell's influence over his men were his personal courage and his unfailing kindness. In his estimation superior rank did not place him socially above his fellow-citizens who followed him enthusiastically from Lexington to the Gulf. He was the father of his soldiers. When sick, weary, wounded or in distress he ministered to their wants as though they were his children, and as his ample reward he has the love of all who served under him. I doubt if he ever made a speech in Missouri without some of his old brigade for auditors, and they can always be depended on to lead the applause. I have studied about it a great deal, and have come to the conclusion that a mere civilian can neither comprehend nor appreciate the deep devotion felt for one another by men who have together faced death upon the battlefield

Before I knew General Cockrell I wrote and delivered a lecture on memory in which I collated a great many astounding instances of the remarkable powers of that useful faculty. When I rewrite it I propose to illustrate it copiously from Cockrell's career.

If he has ever forgotten the name or face of one of his old soldiers the fact has escaped the observation of all the people. One example will suffice. Once, when General Cockrell was wounded, he was confined in a hospital with W. B. Steel, a boy soldier from Lafayette County. After their hospital experience they did not see each other for eighteen years. Cockrell happened to be in Lexington one day in the nineteenth year of their separation, and spying Steel, then a bearded man in middle life, on the opposite side of the street, called out: "How are you, Buck?" as though they had parted yesterday

No wonder he is invincible as a candidate

The Trifles that Execute Destiny

IN 1874 he wanted to be Governor of Missouri, and came very near having his heart's desire gratified in that regard. He lacked only one-sixth of one vote of securing the nomination, which was equivalent to an election. Perhaps that is the closest shave on record for a great office. But a miss is as good as a mile, so we are informed by some ancient proverb-maker. He ought to thank God every night for that lucky escape. Had he succeeded he would in all probability have had before him two years in the Governor's office, and after that oblivion. His defeat was a blessing in disguise and laid the foundations of his fortunes. It is passing strange what small and seemingly trivial things determine the destinies of men and even of nations

By the accident of being the last man to embark on a steamboat after the affair at Belmont, General Grant was started on the road to Appomattox and the White House. By flaying Sir Robert Peel on the night when he announced his free-trade policy in the House of Commons, Benjamin Disraeli took the first step in that marvelous career which dazzled the world and which ended in the premiership and an earldom. Because his uncontrollable horse ran away and carried him straight into the enemies' lines in some obscure battle in South Asia, enabling him to capture the commanding general, Arthur Wellesley subsequently added Waterloo to the long line of English victories, became the Iron Duke, and sleeps among the storied great in Westminster Abbey.

By reason of the fact that his pistol failed to fire on two occasions when he attempted suicide young Robert Clive concluded that God intended him for great things, and lived to create the British Empire in India, to become a peer of the realm, and to write his name in characters of blood high upon the roll of English-speaking captains

But to return to General Cockrell. During the campaign for the nomination he repeatedly declared that if Hardin, Colman or anybody else defeated him no voice would be lifted louder and no hat thrown higher than his for his successful competitor. So when Charles H. Hardin was nominated and Cockrell was called on for a speech he good-naturedly referred to his promise, and then and there, as the indictments say, threw his big white slouch hat to the lofty ceiling of the convention hall and gave a lusty yell that startled the catfish in the Missouri River. That performance made him Senator, and no State ever had a better one.

GENERAL FRANCIS MARION COCKRELL
U. S. SENATOR FROM MISSOURI

General Cockrell, being a volunteer, evolved some original theories on war which are calculated to stun the typical martinets. For instance, after the first battle in which he fought, inexperienced as he was in things martial, he would never permit an army engineer to select his line of battle for him. He said that as the duty of defending the line devolved on him he knew better than any engineer what was a defensible line and what was not. This may have seemed presumptuous, but his military history furnishes his justification.

Another thing that he still sticks to, and which will give the souls of the professionals a rude shock, is that the most effective weapon with which infantry can be armed is a double-barreled shotgun. He claims that it will discount all the new-fangled rifles ever made. His logic runs as follows, and to a civilian appears absolutely convincing: "One wounded man on the battlefield is much more trouble than ever so many dead men. The double-barreled shotgun is unequaled as a producer of wounded men; therefore it is the best thing to arm troops with."

As a clincher he states that in a certain battle in which he was engaged, when he was a colonel, two companies of his regiment were armed with double-barreled shotguns, the other eight with Enfield rifles, and that when the fighting was over there were more dead and wounded men in front of the two companies with shotguns than in front of the eight armed with rifles. If seeing is believing, then any rational being not under "the tyranny of preconceived opinions" ought to be convinced by General Cockrell's reasoning.

An Arithmetical Orator

COCKRELL is an arithmetical orator, if I may be permitted to coin a phrase—and I don't see why I can't Other speakers may soar at will in the blue empyrean and feed the audience on gimcracks of eloquence, but he sticks close to figures. He revels in the multiplication table. Others may pour verbal vitriol on Republicans, but Cockrell, though a staunch partisan, confounds them by pages of figures. For example, he will say: "Fellow-citizens, in such and such a year the total expenses of the Government were three hundred million, five hundred and forty-seven thousand, three hundred and fifty-eight dollars and thirteen cents. Two years later they amounted to five hundred and sixteen million, one hundred and sixty-nine thousand, four hundred and seventy-one dollars and ninety seven cents, showing an increase of two hundred and fifteen million, six hundred and twenty-two thousand, one hundred and thirteen dollars and eighty-four cents." And so on for two or three hours, giving column after column of figures without a note or scrap of paper before him. Nobody ever caught him tripping on the exact amount, and nobody ever heard him leave off the odd cents. As nobody can dispute his figures, and as the most ingenious campaign orator or most sensitive political opponent cannot construe addition and subtraction into abuse, Cockrell's arithmetical oratory offends nobody and instructs many.

The Explanation of His Popularity

SENATOR COCKRELL'S extraordinary popularity is due to his commanding ability and to his fidelity in discharging all his duties, great and small, to his country, to his State and to his constituents. He attends religiously to the wants of all Missourians and never fails to respond to every demand, however trivial. To illustrate: Colonel Jim Edwards, assistant doorkeeper of the Senate, who served under Cockrell during the Civil War, who is very fond of him and who is considerable of a wag, gives with great gusto an explanation of Cockrell's popularity.

"When the time came for Cockrell's first reëlection," quoth Colonel Jim, "a coterie of politicians in St. Louis wanted to elect Colonel Thomas Allen, the multi-millionaire owner of the Iron Mountain Railroad and withal a very able man, but they were using Colonel James O. Broadhead, late Minister to Switzerland, as the ostensible candidate. Colonel George W. Anderson was the bellwether of the anti-Cockrell movement.

"Most members of the Legislature in the eastern half of Missouri at that time had to go through St. Louis to reach Jefferson City, the State capital.

"So, during Christmas week, I stayed in St. Louis, principally about the Laclede Hotel, which has been Democratic headquarters from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. I was there to listen to what was said. The anti-Cockrellites were busy interviewing and buttonholing members of the Legislature. I overheard a conversation between Colonel Anderson and an old farmer representative from a certain county which gives the key to Cockrell's continued success.

"Approaching the farmer, Colonel Anderson said, 'Whom will you support for the United States Senate?'

"'Well,' replied the member, 'I guess I will vote for Frank Cockrell.'

"'Why will you do that?' asked Anderson. 'He is no orator. He is only a country lawyer.'

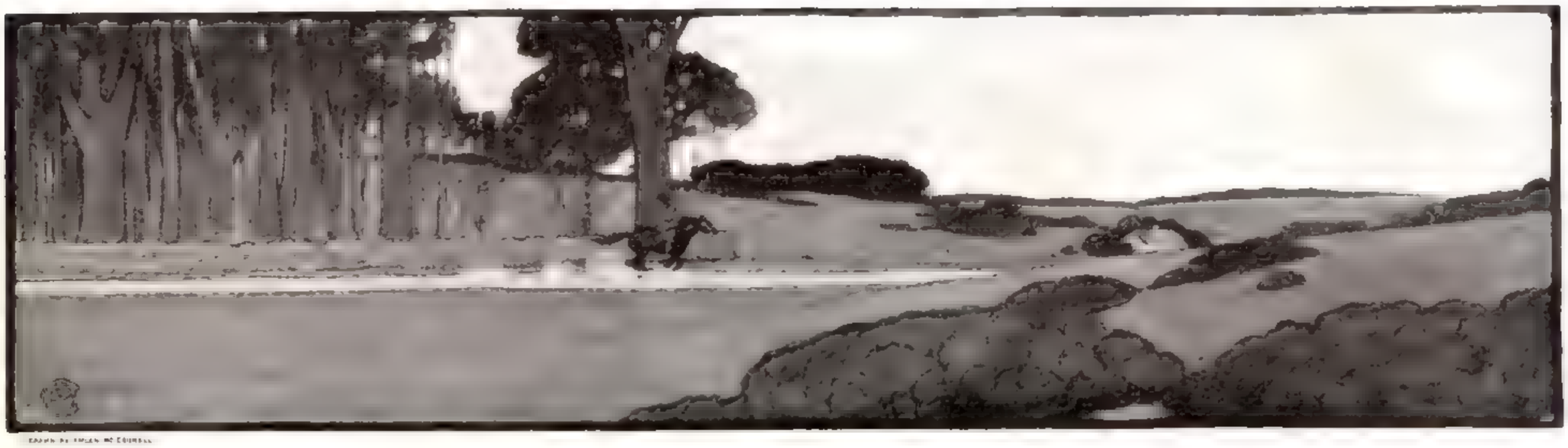
"'Wa-al, Colonel,' drawled the old farmer, 'what you say may all be true, but you can't beat Frank Cockrell. He is the people's man. Nobody, white or black, male or female, ever writes to him about anything whatever that he doesn't answer the letter and attend to the business. Why, bless my soul, two fellows in my county got up a controversy about what time in the moon was best to wean mule colts. They both served under Frank Cockrell during the war and agreed to leave it to him. They wrote him about it to Washington, and, drag my buttons, in about a week they got a four-page letter from Cockrell, not your typewritten stuff, but a genuine letter, every word written by his own hand, in which he discussed the subject of muleism in such a masterly manner that you would have thought he had never done anything in his life but handle mules, and, by the jumping jingo! he decided the question in such a way that both the fellows were pleased. Colonel Broadhead is no doubt a great man and a fine lawyer, but if he lives till he beats Frank Cockrell for the Senate he'll be a blamed sight older than Methuselah. It can't be done, Colonel Anderson, unless Frank's writing hand is totally paralyzed, or the supply of pens, ink and paper is completely and permanently exhausted. You hear my horn!'

"Colonel Anderson walked off sorrowfully," continued Colonel Jim, "muttering: 'Well, I'll be dadswizzled!'"

Ponce de Leon searched in vain for the fountain of perpetual youth. Cockrell seems to have discovered it, and it is this: He is the boss apple-eater of the age. His midday luncheon consists entirely of that luscious fruit. He knows at what stands the best apples are to be found, and when he approaches the Capitol at morning the pockets of his coat are bulging with big, red apples. At precisely one o'clock, when more dilettante statesmen descend to the Senate restaurant to feast on terrapin, canvasback duck, deviled crabs and such like producers of bad livers and gout, the stalwart Missourian retires to his committee-room and quietly munches his apples.

From a Democratic standpoint the best thing about General Cockrell's candidacy is that if nominated for the Presidency he can be elected—a consummation devoutly to be wished. He is the ideal Christian gentleman—the very best type of the American citizen.

THE LADY NOGGS, PEERESS



The Lady Noggs Flags the Northern Star

By EDGAR JEPSON

IT WOULD be absurd to say that the Lady Noggs looked her best on horseback, for she looked her best in so many costumes and circumstances, but as she came trotting into Stonorill village in her violet habit and feathered picture-hat she looked, probably, her most eighteenth century. At the first outlying cottage she suddenly reined in her pony Villikins with a look of dismay at the sight of the doctor coming down the garden path; for there dwelt the Cotterils, and ever since she had rescued William from the claws of the law she had taken the keen interest of a protector in them.

"What's the matter, Doctor Hamerton?" she cried "Who's ill?"

"Mrs. Cotteril's baby. He's swallowed a pin, and it's stuck in his throat," said the doctor; and his cheery face was overcast and gloomy.

"Is he very ill?"

"I'm afraid there's no hope for him. I could get it out if I had the instruments; but I haven't, and I know of none nearer than London. There every hospital has them."

"Then he must go to London!" cried the Lady Noggs.

"It can't be done. I've just worked it out. The pin must be extracted inside of four hours to save him. If we could have caught the Northern Star at Micklefield we could have got him to a hospital in plenty of time. But it's due at Micklefield in twenty minutes; and it's fifteen miles away. No; there's no hope for the poor little soul."

"Oh, what a pity! what a pity!" said the Lady Noggs with a sob.

"It is a pity; and that confounded express runs through Chandler's Bury—only a mile and a half away!" And with a hopeless gesture the doctor raised his hat and went on into the village.

The Lady Noggs slipped off Villikins, threw the reins over the gate-post, and went softly in through the open door of the cottage. Mrs. Cotteril sat beside the fire, staring down with dazed eyes at the suffering mite on her lap; William sat just in front of her, all the ruddiness faded out of his face.

"I'm so sorry, Liza," said the Lady Noggs, coming to her and touching her hand; and she looked at the child, which was shaken by a choking little cough and the most pitiful moanings.

Mrs. Cotteril's lips moved, but no sound came from them, and her eyes never moved from the little drawn face; but William said thickly:

"It's crool 'ard, your Ladyship, crool 'ard

They were silent for a minute or two; and the big tears ran down the cheeks of the Lady Noggs. Then there came again the choking cough and the moan. The Lady Noggs turned her eyes away from the baby; she could not bear the sight. They wandered round the room and rested on the red handkerchief knotted round William's throat. All those who have suffered know how in moments of painful emotion the mind will seize on some trivial object and busy itself with it to get away from the pain. So the mind of the Lady Nogga seized on the red handkerchief, started a relieving train of thought, and jumped by a natural association, seeing that she had been talking of the express, to the red flag of the railway guard.

Then came an idea so dazzling that she shut her eyes for twenty seconds to grapple with it, opened them and cried, "I'll stop the Northern Star!"

The Cotterils stared at her, bewildered; the sharpness of the cry roused even Mrs. Cotteril from her stupor; and William said dully:

"You'll stop the Northern Star, your Ladyship?"

"Yes, I'll stop it in Chandler's Bury. How many of those red handkerchiefs have you?" said the Lady Noggs with quick firmness.

"Three," said William, yet more bewildered

"Get them quick! We'll make a red flag, and wave it in front of the train, and stop it. Then Liza can get into it and take the baby to a London hospital!"

A dull glimmer of understanding shone in William's eyes; and he rose.

"Be quick!" cried the Lady Noggs imperiously. "And—and—take that broomstick to tie them to! Put on your hat, Liza! Be quick!"

Her vehemence carried them away. William stumbled to the chest of drawers and took out two handkerchiefs. Mrs. Cotteril, a faint flush of hope on her cheeks, got on her hat somehow, and wrapped the baby in a shawl. She was half out of the door when William said, "But what about the money for the tickets?"

"I never thought of that!" said the Lady Noggs, and her face fell. "We can't tell any one or they'll stop us"

She stood still, her quick little brain working swiftly; then she cried:

"I know! I can get it! You go on to the Bury, and I'll bring it!"

She ran down the path, mounted Villikins, and galloped off toward the castle. The Cotterils stared after her; then William said:

"Come on, lass! It's the little 'un's only chance! Carry him soft!" And they set off at a run down the road.

Villikins galloped for all he was worth to the castle stables. The Lady Noggs jumped off him, cried to a groom to hold him, and raced up to the nursery. She took down from the mantelpiece the missionary-box which a misguided aunt had given her in the hope of benefiting her and the heathen at one stroke, and looked round the room for something with which to break it open. The poker was too light; the coal-scuttle was empty. Her eyes fell on the soapstone Buddha which occupied, inappropriately enough, the place of honor on the mantelpiece beside the missionary-box. She dragged up a chair, mounted it, lifted him down, set the missionary-box on the hearthrug, and banged him down, stern foremost, on the top of it. There was a crunch and a jingle; she pulled the Buddha off the ruin, dropped on her knees, and with deft fingers sorted out the gold and silver subscribed by her uncle's guests from the copper offerings of her humbler friends. She thrust the money into her pocket, bolted down the stairs, and in less than a minute was on the back of Villikins and galloping for Chandler's Bury.

A quarter of a mile from it she overtook the hurrying Cotterils, and they pressed on together. At the top of the cutting the Lady Noggs dismounted, gave Villikins a cut which sent him galloping home, and they went down to the railway line. The baby seemed no worse for the hasty journey: the little choking cough and moan came no oftener. They sat down a few feet from the line, panting, and William began to knot the handkerchiefs together for the flag. Mrs. Cotteril snatched them out of his trembling, clumsy fingers, and made it herself very quickly. Then, shading their eyes, they stared down the line for the train The minutes dragged.

Presently the Lady Noggs said "I think I'd better go to London with Liza and the baby, William. I know all about cabs; and I can see they don't lose time."

"Yes, your Ladyship," said William; and then his face working with a new terror, he added, "But suppose they won't let none of you get into the train, stopping it like this?"

"I never thought of that," cried the Lady Noggs, dismayed.

"It's as like as not," said William hoarsely.

The Lady Noggs was silent with knitted brow, striving to find a way to prevent this misfortune. The Cotterils looked at her, open-mouthed, with beseeching eyes, as to an oracle. At last she said:

"I was going to wave the flag and stop the train myself, because they wouldn't send me to prison, at least not to an ordinary one. I'm a peeress, you know. But if you stopped the train, William, we might get in on the other side while the guard and the engineer were asking you what's the matter. But they're nearly sure to send you to prison"

"I don't care, I'm game, your Ladyship! I'd go to prison for ten years for the little 'un!" said William; and his heavy face was transfigured by devotion.

"You might run away when the guard is a good way from his van; the train will have to wait till he gets back to it."

"Never you mind about me, if only you gets the missus an' the little 'un into the train," said William feverishly.

"I will," said the Lady Noggs firmly

She and Mrs Cotteril crossed the line, and settled themselves beside a clump of furze which screened them not a little. William doggedly pulled off his boots, stood up, and looked down the line. Presently he cried:

"There's the smoke!" and began to wave the red flag furiously, though the express was a mile away

In a minute the Lady Noggs could see the body of the train and hear its roar; then she distinguished its two engines. The rattling roar grew and grew as it came tearing along; and it seemed as if it must rush past them. But of a sudden there arose a grating squeal from the tortured metals as the brakes locked the wheels, which rose louder and louder and then died down as the train came to a stand still in front of them. It was the work of a few moments for the active child to clamber on to the footboard and open the door of a first class compartment. She helped Mrs. Cotteril up and in, and shut the door. The bang made a tall man, who was head and shoulders out of the opposite window, pull himself in

"Sakes alive!" he said.

"Hush! Hush!" cried the Lady Noggs, clasping her hands. "Please don't say anything! The baby's swallowed a pin; and I stopped the train to take it to a London hospital!"

"Jee-rusalem!" said the stranger, dropping into a seat.

The Lady Noggs slipped past him, thrust her head out of the window, cried, "Run, William! Run!" and drew it in again.

William gave a hoarse shout, wrenched the handkerchiefs off the broomstick, flung it from him and bolted up the steep bank. The guard, who was within thirty yards of him, bolted up after him, but the bootless William gained at every step, and was over the hedge and on the level ground with a good fifty-yards start. The Lady Noggs and the stranger watched the guard gallantly breast the ascent and come to the top. There he stopped suddenly and put up his hand to shade his eyes. His head turned this way and that, he shook his fist at the landscape, turned, and came running

back. Plainly, William had disappeared. The guard reached the bottom just beneath their window; the stranger put his head out of it and cried, "Hello, conductor; what's the matter?"

"Some —— yokel playing a joke!" said the guard, very red with rage and exercise

"Curious notion of humor you Britishers have," drawled the stranger.

"The company'll humor him when it gets the detective down here," snorted the guard; and he ran along to his van.

"I reckon we've shook *him*," said the stranger, smiling at the Lady Noggs.

"Thank you very much," she said; and her grateful eyes shone on him.

"Say, now," said the stranger, feasting his eyes on her, "you flagged a British express—a British express!"

"Flagged it?" said the Lady Noggs in some doubt. "Oh, yes, I made William stop it with a flag. I had to. The doctor said it was the only chance of getting the pin out of the baby's throat, to take him to a London hospital."

"Sand," said the stranger with evident extreme enjoyment—"sand up to the brim, and they told me this decayed old country was played out. Who are you, young lady?"

"I'm Lady Felicia Grandison."

"Lady Felicia Grandison?" said the stranger, and his eyes opened wider. "This beats the Dutch!—a scion of corrupt and effete aristocracy. Well, travelin' teaches. I'm John P. Cooper, of New York City."

The train started with a little jerk; the tension suddenly relaxed, and the Lady Noggs threw up her hands over her face and burst into a fit of tearless sobbing. John Cooper let her sob for three minutes, then he said sharply, "Take a pull, Lady Grandison, take a pull! You've got to look after the youngster!"

The Lady Noggs choked down her sobs, though her mouth went on twitching, and turned to the baby. The stranger moved down to the seat opposite him and took a careful look at him.

"He's powerful sick," he said, "and I have had a sick child of my own, a very sick child. It's my notion that brandy is what he wants. It'll keep him going."

With that he took from his gripsack a flask of brandy and water, poured some on to his little finger, and let a single drop trickle from it into the baby's mouth. He did this at intervals of about two minutes till the baby had had ten drops.

"Seventy-five more minutes," he said looking at his watch. "He'll do for another hour." And truly the baby's face looked a little less drawn, though the little choking cough and the moan came at the same interval

They sat watching him in a strained silence, only broken by an occasional question from John Cooper, and the oft-reiterated cry of the Lady Noggs, "Oh, I do wish the train would go quicker!"

In about an hour John Cooper gave the baby some more brandy and the train was running through the suburbs as he finished

"Now," he said, "what about tickets? I guess we've no time to waste. Micklefield was the last stop before you flagged this excited bathing-machine; and we'll have the money ready."

He took a time-table from his gripsack, looked up at the list of fares, and said, "Sixteen and eightpence." Then he pulled out a handful of money from his pocket and looked at it ruefully. "I don't seem to get ahead with this money of yours," he said. "How many of these coins go to sixteen and eightpence?"

"Oh, I must pay!" said the Lady Noggs. "William is my uncle's tenant, and I really must pay"

John Cooper gave her a quaint look and said, "I reckon that's the feudal spirit, and it's got to be humored. Have you got the money?"

"Yes," said the Lady Noggs, pulling it out of her pocket. "I—I broke open my missionary-box."

John Cooper held out his hand, crying, "You robbed the heathen to play this game? Shake!"

The Lady Noggs shook hands and said, "I had to."

"You bet you had," said John Cooper.

After some arithmetic the Lady Noggs gave him a sovereign and two half-crowns, the price of a ticket and a half. The train ran into the terminus, and he said cheerfully, "Now it's up to John P. Cooper."

It was: he had them through the crowd, past the ticket-barriers, and into a hansom in eighty seconds, and they were off to the Charing Cross Hospital as fast as the horse could get through the traffic. John Cooper had them out of the hansom and into the hospital hall before they realized that they had reached it and was saying to the receiving nurse: "This is Lady Felicia Grandison. She's brought up a tenant's baby with a pin in its throat. If you're going to put it through it's got to be done straight!"

His briskness seemed catching, for a smart young house-surgeon and another nurse were on the spot in a moment; he took a look at the baby, said sharply, "Bring it along quick! Number three!" and hurried on ahead

The nurse took the baby, and they followed her along a corridor to the door of number three. She said, "Wait here, please," went in with the baby and shut the door.

John Cooper made them sit down on a bench beside the door, and there they waited, the Lady Noggs holding Mrs. Cotteril's hand. Now and again the poor woman said feverishly, "Oh, I hope they won't hurt him! I hope they won't hurt him!"

Always John Cooper said cheerily, "You bet they won't—no, ma'am."

The minutes dragged: it was worse than waiting for the Northern Star. But at last the nurse came out with the baby in her arms

"It's all right," she said triumphantly. "It's out. Seven minutes: almost a record. I'm taking him up to the children's ward to give him resturatives. Come back in an hour; we shall know then how he's stood it."

THE RATTLING ROAR GREW AND GREW AS IT CAME TEARING ALONG

"God bless your little Ladyship!" cried Mrs. Cotteril, and burst out crying and sobbing.

When they had soothed her she would by no means leave the hospital till she had learned that the baby was out of danger. They left her in the hall; and John Cooper arranged with the receiving nurse that she should have some tea.

Outside the hospital John Cooper said: "You look as if you wanted restoratives, too, Lady Grandison—a square meal"

"Well, I missed my dinner, of course," said the Lady Noggs, who was looking a little pale after the strain. "But I mustn't spend much of this missionary money"

"This is my shout," said John Cooper firmly.

They wired to William Cotteril, drove to the Carlton, and over the meal improved their acquaintance at a great rate. By the time they had done, indeed, the Lady Noggs reckoned John Cooper one of her intimate and most amusing friends. When they went back to the hospital they learned that the baby was doing well after the operation; and the Lady Noggs was taken to see him sleeping in his cot. When she came down she learned that he was to be kept at least three days in the hospital, and that Mrs. Cotteril wanted to stay in London, and a nurse had offered to find her a room near the hospital. At once the Lady Noggs gave her the rest of the missionary money. They bade her good-by and left.

Outside John Cooper said, "Have you left yourself any money to get home with, Lady Grandison?"

The Lady Noggs thrust her hand into her pocket, drew it out empty, and said with an air of dismay, "Oh, dear, I forgot all about that!" Then her face cleared. "But you'll lend it to me, won't you?"

"I'm taking you home," said John Cooper. "I'm going to see you to the end of this."

He took her to the station, saw to his neglected luggage, and they caught a train down to Stonorill. As they rattled along from the station in a fly they met two or three groups of searchers, for Villikins having returned without a rider, and William prudently lying low, the country was up, as it was well used to be, looking for the Lady Noggs. They reached the castle before news of her safety, and the Lady Noggs, dragging John Cooper with her, rushed into the hall to find her uncle in the middle of an anxious group of his guests concerting measures for her discovery.

"Oh, Uncle," she cried, "I'm so glad you're not at work! This is Mr. John P. Cooper, of New York City; and he's awfully interested in our old nobility—that's what he calls us. And he'll be so pleased to see you, because you must be a—a—a chief old noble. This is my uncle, Lord Errington, Mr. Cooper: he's Prime Minister."

"Oh, Felicia," groaned the Prime Minister. "What have you been doing? We have been so anxious about you; we thought——"

"Now what's the good of being anxious about me? I always come home some time!" cried the Lady Noggs in a bitterly aggrieved tone. "Somebody's always worrying. How was I to know that Liza's baby would get a pin in its throat, and I should have to flag the Northern Star, and take him to London? I hadn't time to tell any one—I hadn't really."

A chorus of questions and exclamations rose on the air; and as the Lady Noggs unfolded her tale the group divided fairly evenly into those who applauded and those who were shocked at the invasion of the sacred rights of the inviolable express. She herself was entirely defiant; she thoughtfully dropped William out of the affair and took the whole responsibility, repeating again and again more and more hotly, "I had to stop the beastly old train! I had to!"

In the end it was resolved that Mr. Borrodaile, her uncle's private secretary, should go to London on the morrow and deal with the railway company, and he said sadly, "This time, Noggs, it's a touch and go whether they send you to prison or not. They're rather besotted; and I've told you many times about the pitcher that went to the well too often."

"I don't care!" cried the Lady Noggs joyfully. "I shall go to the Tower—they'll have to send me there because I'm a peeress—and I shall escape, Billy; you see if I don't!"

"We know you will—we know you will, Noggs," said Mr. Borrodaile. "But the Tower will be anxious, not we."

Having gathered how that John Cooper had helped the Lady Noggs, the Prime Minister insisted that he should stay to dinner and sleep at the castle. In the morning, under the intelligent guidance of the Lady Noggs, he explored it from attic to basement. About noon a wire from Mrs. Cotteril set their minds at rest about the baby. After luncheon the Lady Noggs drove John Cooper to the station in her pony-cart, and having arranged to meet soon in London, they parted with every expression of mutual regard.

A Venal Population

ONE of the very young men in the House of Representatives is Morris Sheppard, of Texas.

Sheppard is a good stump speaker and is in demand for political meetings in Texas and the Southwest. Last fall he was assigned to a small town a few miles out of Dallas.

"Where's the hotel?" he asked a negro at the station.

"That's the hotel right up there," the negro answered, pointing to a big house up the street.

Sheppard wanted a little local color for his speech. "What's the population here?" he asked.

"Only two dollars a day, sah," the negro hastened to assure him; "only two dollars a day."

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Whether driving or striving always follow the best roads.

¶ The child trained in exaggeration generally graduates into an adult liar.

¶ Popular statesmanship is largely a combination of attitudes and platitudes.

¶ Every time a corrupt politician is convicted good government takes a stride forward

¶ If the average bachelor knew all he thinks he knows there would be a much smaller market for encyclopedias.

¶ There hasn't been anything very notable in fiction since the financial relapse discouraged the trust prospectus boom.

¶ Labor and Capital once went for a walk, but they soon quarreled because both wanted the sunny side of the path.

¶ It is rare that the torpedo fleet in American politics can provoke a reply from the battleship anchored in the quiet of Princeton, but when it does happen the detonation is heard all the way from Maine to California.

Our Incomparable Amusement

FOR the first time in twelve years we are about to enjoy again the most absorbing of all American pastimes—a hotly contested Presidential campaign. There were elections in 1896 and in 1900, but there was too little uncertainty about the result to make the contests really interesting. Besides, so many Democrats voted for the Republican candidates that there was really no direct party issue.

This year there will probably be no open defections on either side. Party lines will be drawn as they have not been drawn since 1892; and a natural result of a vigorously fought campaign will be an immense increase in the vote Between 1896 and 1900 the total vote remained almost stationary—13,923,378 in the former year; 13,961,566 in the latter. This was due principally to the decline in voting in the South, but there were also decreases in the votes of Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Nevada, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Wisconsin. This year it is hardly to be doubted that the voters will turn out at least fifteen millions strong. The battle will rage in every Northern State except Vermont, for even in Pennsylvania the Democrats will have hopes of making gains in Congress, although the electors are beyond their reach.

Some persons find excitement in baseball, others in horse-races, but there is nothing that can keep the whole nation in one prolonged nervous thrill like an old-fashioned Presidential campaign. No other people has anything to compare with it. In every other great country—even France—a "general election" is merely the choice of members of Parliament. Here it is a colossal duel between two matched champions. For the four months from July to November even the war news will be an "inside-page story" compared with the daily progress of this overshadowing contest.

An Unfortunate Phrase

ONE evidence of the improving quality of civilization is the higher place assigned to women. In an age of barbarism women occupy a lower place than men because barbarism is the triumph of unorganized physical force. But civilization depends upon ideas. It is founded upon spiritual forces. Women have less physical force than men. In a state of barbarism there are neither ideas nor ideals; but in a period of civilization the spiritual ideals and ideas are as potent in women as in men: therefore, women come to occupy a place equivalent to that occupied by their brothers.

The phrase, therefore, used by a public officer in a public speech, in which he joined "the insane, women and criminals," was as unfortunate as it was false.

Our War that Did Not Happen

THERE is a striking similarity between the feelings of the Russians toward Americans at the present time and the sentiments of Frenchmen a hundred years ago. "Ungrateful Americans," the Russians call us. The Frenchmen used harder names.

For what France did for us in the War of the Revolution our gratitude always was and always has been profound, but it was perfectly well understood that France's larger part in American affairs at that time was due very materially to a desire for revenge upon the British.

And right well did the plan work. Still, it was a good thing for America that France took a hand in the game. Frenchmen helped to win Yorktown.

But gratitude, however sincere and generous, can never keep down those more sturdy promptings of the heart. Genêt, their first Minister, came over, tried to drag us into another war with Great Britain, and acted as if he owned the country. It was quite necessary that he should go back home. Then, when this Government made the Jay treaty with Great Britain, France expressed her anger, ordered our Minister to leave, and began to capture American vessels. Our commissioners, sent to Paris, were approached with requests for bribes. The correspondence with the French officials on this subject, afterward published in full, carried very high the popular cry, "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute." Indeed, matters went so far that an army was raised; Washington, then sixty-seven, came forth and commanded it; warships were built, and Truxton captured two French frigates, all of which led to a better understanding, in which France did the proper thing and ceased her high-handed proceedings.

Frenchmen have never quite excused this chapter in American history, and a few of them are inclined to call it American ingratitude, forgetting that any other course on the part of the people would have been the surrender of their manliness and independence. Fortunately, the strain between the United States and Russia is nothing like so strong as that between the United States and France, but because Russia gave the Union moral support in the Civil War her statesmen conceive it to be our duty to sympathize with her in her present troubles.

Unfortunately, they do not understand that our President, and Secretary of State, and Congress, and all our other bodies have not influence enough, or law enough, or authority enough to control that indefinable but potent something called public sentiment, even if they so desired.

It has been interesting to watch the expression of this sentiment in America since the war began. At first it seemed to be largely the feeling that goes to the little fellow in the fight. Then Japan's success and Russia's unpreparedness had something to do with its increase and the outburst of the paragraphers, who undoubtedly wield an influence upon the surface thought and conversation of the day. But as the war has settled down to business there has been a calmer canvass of the situation, and, on the whole, Russia has small cause to complain of America's fairness. Indeed, the warmest hope among our people seems to be that this Government shall not get into any part of the quarrel.

A Sound Mind in a Sound Body

THE false view of college athletics is the playing to win; for the college man is not primarily an athlete: the college man is primarily the scholar, the thinker, the gentleman. But the false view of college athletics is altogether too common and too strongly held in American institutions and in American society. Winning represents a positive result which one easily perceives and naturally rejoices over. It is a form of materialism which is a sign of a new civilization

The true view of college athletics is that athletics represents a means and not an end. Athletics embodies the training of muscle, the improvement of health, the discipline of physical force. These results, however good as results, are only methods and conditions for the enlargement and enrichment of every part of manhood.

If the true view of athletics could be made to prevail noble results would follow. The excesses which too often accompany college victories would cease; the undue attention on the part of college authorities and bodies of students would be eliminated; a more proper adjustment of all conditions of college life would be secured

In England athletics are regarded more as a means than as an end. The English custom should prevail with us.

The Increase of Red Tape

WE HAVE seen in the past decade the cost and embarrassments of too much red tape in governmental affairs. Our strategy boards at Washington tied things up so that even the heroic Clark, who brought the Oregon from the Pacific to the Caribbean, cabled from the coast of South America a pathetic plea that he be not bothered with orders Much of the delay in troop and ship movements was caused by red tape. The same evils were illustrated more acutely in the British campaigns in South Africa. Red tape prolonged the war, sacrificed thousands of lives, and made John Bull thoroughly unhappy; and not until this year has the scheme for army reorganization been begun. "The history of war," says Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, "is a long series of proofs of the incompetence of boards to conduct it."

Now we are in an epidemic of system—which extends even to furniture. Let us recognize its merits, but at the same time let us be careful not to tie ourselves too hard in red tape. We all know the familiar enthusiast who is so busy keeping his papers and letters in order that he scarcely has time for anything else. The big things that count, the original force and initiative, the new ideas and worth-while successes do not come from pigeonholes.

A Lesson from Napoleon

SEVERAL distinguished military critics—including Lord Wolseley—say that Napoleon would beyond question have won the battle of Waterloo had he not been suffering on the second day from a stomach trouble so awful that it made his brain useless. Perhaps, some day, when we learn to trace results to their true causes, we shall find that it was that same stomach trouble which overwhelmed his once matchless judgment from 1804 and sent him plunging to ruin.

From early manhood Napoleon was a huge and rapid eater. He ate much; he swallowed it whole; he worked while he ate; he filled his mouth and emptied it at a gulp with a draft of wine.

Many lessons have been drawn from that fascinating career. Here is a new one, a homely one—but not without value.

Speaking in Public

IS THERE any young man anywhere who has not a yearning—maybe a very secret yearning—to be able to speak in public? Let us hope not. Let us also hope that as few as possible of these young men will make the mistake of first attempting public speaking without careful preparation.

There are only two kinds of public speakers who trust to inspiration from their audience—those who have had little experience and those who have been speaking so long that they have forgotten how to be self-conscious. All other speakers write it out in advance, weigh every word, measure the length lest they speak too long, and in every way guard against accidents and mischances.

Thought enough to keep the world busy for years can be put into a ten minutes' speech; and it is amazing how little thought can be spread out through an hour of talk

A Near-Sighted Policy

THIS sentence in an article on the telephone situation in England explains the weakness of Government ownership: "Present expense is always objectionable to a Chancellor of the Exchequer, whatever ultimate benefits may accrue."

Thus Great Britain failed to attach the telephone to her postal system, except in a partial way, because the Government ownership of the telegraph had cost two millions more than the estimates.

Government ownership of public utilities is attractive; in many things it has worked well, but in new experiments there is always the danger not only that politics will interfere with the economies of operation, but that the politicians will be too timid to make the investments and undertake the risks necessary in the building up of a great business which looks to the future for its larger profits.

Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

By Henry A. Shute

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

Copyright, 1904, by Henry A. Shute

OCT. 22, 186— brite and fair and most as hot as summer

OCT. 23, 186— Mary Watson, Beany's sister and Mary Straton whose father chased me and Beany when we broke the gaslite, can run faster then enny of the fellers xcept Tomtit and Arthur Francis.

OCT. 24, 186— i have been sick agen. not very sick but my legs aked ferful. mother says it is becaus i am growin so fast, but i know why, me and Boog Chadwick rassled all yesterday afternoon. ferst i throwed Boog and then Boog throwed me, and when we got through Boog was only 2 throws ahead. we dident get mad at all. ennyway i dident have to go to church.

OCT 25 186— tonite we had company to super. Mister and Missis Merill. Frankie did a funny thing. father asked mother for some chese and mother she said they wasent

HOLLERING AFTER OLD NANCY MARBLE

enny, and Frankie he said he knew where they was some and father said all rite Frankie if you can get some i will give you a cent, father he thinks Frankie is auful smart, and so Frankie he climed out of his high chair and ran out into the kitchen and bimeby he came in with 3 little peaces of chese and father he asked him where he got them and he said he found them in the rat trap. you had jest aught to have herd them laff

OCT 26, 186— Clowdy but no rane. some folks can eat chese that is all wiggly.

OCT. 27, 186— still clowdy. i cant.

OCT. 28, 186— Beany has got the best little ax I ever saw. his father got it for him to split his kindlins. I wish i had one like it for i have to split my kindlins with a old rusty ax that ways about a tun.

OCT. 29, 186— brite and fair tonite i went over and helped Beany split kindlings with his new ax. it was jest as easy as ennything.

OCT. 30, 186— brite and fair. old Tom Fifield killed his pig today and give Beany the bladder, and we blew it up with a pipe stem and kicked it for a football after school. Jack Melvin is going to have Misky Kelleys fathers pigs bladder, only he dont kill his pig till most winter. i am going to have Oliver Lanes, and his pig is the bigest in town. I bet his will be as big as the stewdcats big football. all the fellers wish they cood get it.

OCT. 31, 186— cold as time this morning, but i had to go to church jest the same.

NOV. 1, 186— Beany got a licking today for hollering after old Nancy Marble. she went into Beanys house and told Beanys father. i hollered two but father was in boston and she coodent tell him

NOV. 2, 186— brite and fair. Oliver Lane killed his pig today. it was the bigest pig in town. i had been wating for the bladder ever sense last June and i thought such a big pig aught to have a big bladder, but it was jest the littlest bladder i ever see. i suppose it was so fat inside they wasent enny room for the bladder. Skinny Bruces pigs fathers bladder, no i mean Skinny Bruces fathers pigs bladder was most twice as big.

NOV. 3, 186— Brite and fair. the water in the rane baril was froze over last nite. today i blew up the bladder and dride it in the kitchen. it made a prety good football Pewt dident give me his fathers pigs bladder that he promised me when i let him see the fite when Gim Erly licked Will Simpkins. you jest wait Pewt and you will see.

NOV. 4, 186— brite and fair. Georgie got sent to bed today and had to stay in bed all the afternoon. mother told her not to tuch a vase that was full of sand to make it heavy. I wanted the sand for my aquarian and so i poored it out. well bimeby Georgie came in and went up to take the vase and it was so lite that when she lifted hard it came up so quick that she went rite over backward and smashed the vase all to bits. mother came running in and found that Georgie wasent hurt, but she howled as loud as she cood so that mother woodent lick her, and so she got sent to bed mother said it sirved her rite.

NOV. 5, 186— Brite and fair. I have been sick today i gess i et two much spare rib. when i think of it it makes me sick. so i have been thinking over the poitry about the fellers. some of it is prety good.

E I Tole fell in a hole
and coodent get out to save his sole

i made that up.

Plupy Shute
is a dirty brute,
and never will fite if they is a chance to scoot.

Pewt he made that up.

Old Tim Calahan
he was a hell of a man,

Fatty Melcher he made that up

Frank Hanes aint got enny branes
and dont know enuf to go in when it ranes

Beany he made that up.

Nipper Brown tumbled down
and busted his head and cracked his crown.

i made that up too.

Granvil Miller the barber
went to shave his father
the razer sliped and cut his lip
becaus he forgot the lather

Skinny Bruce he made that up

I tell you they is some pretty good poits among the fellers. but any feller whitch gets poitry made up about him gets mad.

NOV. 6, 186— brite and fair. Ed Tole can spit further than enny feller in school

NOV. 7, 186— Keene and Cele are sick in bed and coodent sing today in church. they have feerful headakes. docter Perry came in to see them

NOV. 8, 186— brite and fair. Keene and Cele and Georgie are all sick now and the docter says it is scarlet fever. they are all up in the front chamber and mother and aunt Sarah take care of them.

LOOKED DOWN IN MY GOZZLE

NOV. 9, 186— clowdy but no rane. Annie is sick now and i cant go to school ennymore I like that. so i am making a hen koop.

NOV. 10, 186— Rany today. Beany he hollered over today to find out how Keene and Cele and Georgie and Annie are i have got a soar throte but i aint going to tell ennyone about it.

NOV. 11, 186— i had a headake all last nite. i bet i am going to have the fever. Frankie has got it now and mother is afrade the baby is coming down. she asked me how I felt and i said buly

NOV. 12, 186— old Missis Smith is helping take care of the house and gets the brekfasts and dinners and supers today docter Perry he came down stairs and i was setting in a chair and he said what is the matter with you, and i said nothing and he said let me look at your throte, and he made me open my mouth and he looked down in my gozzle and then he said you march upstairs into the hospitll and tell your mother that you are a new pacient and I went up and

KICKED IT FOR A FOOTBALL AFTER SCHOOL

when mother saw me come in she said well i have been expecting you. then i went down to my room and got my niteshert and i thaught i aught to write this down becaus i might die. people do die of scarlet fever, i wonder if ennyone wood read it if i did die. ennyway father said once that a boy whitch was born to be hung never wood die in enny other way, so i gess i am all rite. ennyway i aint going to wright ennymore till i get well

JAN. 17, 186— brite and fair. I dident die and every one of us got well. Annie had it the wirst and i had it the next wirst and Frankie and the baby want hardly sick any today is the first time i have been out. Cele and Keene went out last Wensday but i coodent becaus i hadent got done peeling. after folks have the scarlet fever their skin dries up and peels of and if you get cold in the peeling you die every time. i had on my Hoppy Gad boots for the first time today. father brougt them up to show me when i was in bed. i was prety sick and dident know nothing for 2 or 3 days. mother says i was talking about the fellers i knew in Reading. we lived in Reading one year and so i thought i was there i gess and she says i talked of George and Wendal Evans and Pugsy Fergerson and Totty Procter and Emma Wallis and Jonny Pike and Ed Harndin and Nelly Minot i had a fite with Ed Harndin and licked him. when Willy died we came back to Exeter and she said i talked about Willy to, and everything we had some fun while we was sick. Cele used to tell stories and we made flyboxes and then when mother was out of the room we wood turn sunsets, and bimeby when we got so that we cood eat apples we used to have one apeace every day and we had to scrape them with a nife and eat the soft part, and when we were geting beter we were auful cross. i gess most every one wood be cross to lose thanksgiving and crismas two, and my berthday, and all the skating and snowballing. ennyway i havent got to go to school this week

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Japan Through My Camera

By ZAIDA BEN YÛSUF

No. 5—A FLOWER ARRANGEMENT
NO. 5 KODAK, HALF APERTURE, ONE MINUTE EXPOSURE

UNTIL the remarkable heat and dampness of summer had so far decreased that serious work was possible it was little use to arrange a dark room. All one could do was to use films and get over the development as speedily as is possible by up-to-date methods, and even for the half hour or less that I could work in the early morning my amah (maid) had to stand by and fan vigorously, not so much because of the heat as to drive off mosquitoes, which annoyed one in such swarms that trying to keep cool was quite secondary in importance. They were especially thick in the lavatory which I subsequently turned into a dark room. The transformation was a simple matter, as it was built exactly like the one pictured in Doctor Morse's Japanese Homes. In it there were two large sinks with split bamboo "floors" occupying one long side of the narrow room Above them was a paper window equally long but not high. This I covered with several thicknesses of red and yellow cotton of native manufacture. The windows were frequently left open behind the cotton cloth, which was "safe" as to actinic quality and let in plenty of light for filling plateholders, but was not appropriate for developing. No daylight ever is. For that part I more often waited until evening so as to be able to leave other windows and doors open, and worked by an ordinary dark-room lantern. Then, again, my amah would stand near me and fan, as no native Japanese house is ever provided with punkahs. There was, fortunately, a running water supply, but the warm temperature of what came through the pipes made it necessary to devise a scheme which would lessen the chance of accident. My plan was to have two hard rubber hypo boxes, one containing the usual fixing bath, the other filled with fresh iced water for each batch of plates. In this they remained anywhere from half an hour to all night according to the temperature and my inclination. After that they were each washed thoroughly for a minute with absorbent cotton.

This idea proved so practical and effective that I kept it up even after cold weather had begun, as frequently I was obliged to work in places where all water had to be carried to the dark room by hand. Absorbent cotton is without doubt a very helpful and valuable item for many photographic purposes. There are times, for instance, when hours of immersion in water will quite fail to eliminate certain chemicals, whereas a wiping with wet cotton beforehand will so nearly clear them away that a few minutes under a running stream easily completes the process

Such clean and exquisite simplicity as my house presented is difficult to realize, though one may imagine it. No one ever came in with shoes on, even my foreign friends taking that for granted because I lived in native fashion (excepting kimonos). There were fourteen rooms stretched bungalow style along one wall of the premises; of course, all were carpeted with Tatami. These mats are so smooth and springy that one instinctively feels the incongruity of heels upon anything so delicate. In front of each set of rooms was its garden, quite separated by a hedge from the one next to it

There was, to me, in these Japanese rooms a very interesting new condition of light to study, coming, as it does, from below, because the eaves extending beyond every veranda cut off so much illumination that the head of a person standing is entirely in shadow. Except in old palaces or temples the ceilings are anything but high. Nearly all windows are, in reality, walls which, when open, make the veranda a part of the room. When closed there is about eighteen inches of solid wood and above that a continuous paper window, which, of course, is translucent. In some houses where they have added a modern touch a row of glass panes are inserted just above the wood. It is very surprising to a foreigner to go into a room so treated and experience for the first time, from such a standpoint, the absolute difference in our customs. Windows are put in this way entirely for the convenience of a people who sit on the floor, and when one adopts that attitude they are just exactly what is needed.

For photographic purposes the light which comes through paper windows is perfectly charming. Illustration No. 1 was taken on the southern side of the house, and No. 2 was taken on the western side, in the morning, so that it was practically the same as a north light.

Japanese houses almost invariably present their one solid wall to the north, even if it necessitates building the front door in what to our minds would be the back of the house Anyway, these people build for the tenant's pleasure and convenience in such matters, and do not consider how it may appear to one's neighbors. As the house itself is nearly always open on the other three sides the privacy obtained by the high garden walls surrounding most of them is in many ways desirable. These two illustrations were made with my usual large rectilinear lens Its equivalent in newer and smaller types would be the "extra rapid" astigmat now being made by certain optical companies. They acquire their great speed by sacrificing the depth of focus common to the astigmats we generally desire for our snapshot cameras. It would have been unwise to use the latter type, because much of the charm of these two pictures must disappear with minute rendering of detail, and supposing that they had this disadvantage no amount of "fussing" with the print would ever make them really more interesting. At the same time, if one is obliged to use a lens which gives great detail for what we describe as "figure" work it is absolutely essential not to try to make it do more than is proper. Although lenses may be listed in the catalogue as "4 x 5 will cover up to 6½ x 8½," or "5 x 7: will cover up to 8 x 10," and so on, it does not mean that you may make *figures* the size of these larger plates. There is the fatal error of many a photographer, both professional and amateur. Absolutely the figures may not be larger than will go on the size

No. 6—ARRANGEMENT OF AUTUMN LEAVES
NO. 5 KODAK, HALF OPENING, ONE MINUTE EXPOSURE

No. 4—TWO OF THE ROOMS IN MY HOUSE
NO. 5 KODAK AT ONE-THIRD APERTURE, TWO MINUTES' EXPOSURE

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Ben Yûsuf.

originally intended, even if the balance of your picture includes a larger area; unless, of course, you entirely change the character of the lens by using a different combination of the glasses, which is quite another story

The little girl in No. 2 is seated beside an old-fashioned dressing-cabinet done in black and gold lacquer. Her two silver mirrors are such tiny round things that the Japanese girls of to-day quite scorn to use them, and have, instead, the ugliest Western substitutes imaginable. One would expect that when they dropped the old ideas for furniture and decorating they would have sufficient ingenuity to adapt the new fashion to their own use with some touch of native grace; but no, they are content with the most hideous affairs. The fact is that they know only one way, which, through centuries of practice, has become so natural to the child like mind of the workman that he can understand nothing but the one pattern he is accustomed to; anything new disturbs him entirely It is the old story over and over again of the workman who was beating into iron a beautiful design of gold. An enthusiastic foreigner exclaimed at his wonderful skill

"Oh, yes, indeed," said his master, "he is very clever. That man can do three patterns."

No. 3—AT SUNSET
8 x 7 ASTIGMAT ON 8 x 10 PLATE, INSTANTANEOUS

All the views that I made of my house and many other indoor subjects, such as flower arrangements, were with the kodak I have mentioned before. If there had been a better lens in it I think the results would have been more comprehensive as to the area included in the picture, comparing them, for instance, with the wider angle shown in Illustration No. 3 (high grade astigmat); but they are perfectly satisfactory in the matter of accurate proportions. Distances were really just as they look in the photograph, which is an important point in its favor. They were, of course, all time exposures, and carefully measured for the focus, as necessarily it had to be done by the kodak scale since I was using films In these lay my great advantage, however, for such work, as it was perfectly safe to let the camera point right out toward open windows without the slightest fear of halation or overtoning, and the color values were always correct. Out-of-doors, too, even in full daylight, when it was possible, I gave things time exposures, and these were the occasions when I got the best results from the machine. Not a very good recommendation in some ways, perhaps, but every single type of lens or camera that one can mention has its disadvantages or compensations for various purposes

The tripod I used at this time was a perfect joy, it was so light and compact. Not many are in use in America, as, unfortunately, the importation duty makes the cost unreasonably high, and although there is an American imitation it is not nearly so good Aluminum is the material used; in construction it is something like a small telescope, which makes possible the convenience of carrying it constantly. Altogether I never spent dollars that afforded me so much genuine satisfaction. They are suitable for cameras up to 5 x 7 size; anything above this would cause vibration by its too great weight. Vibration under almost any small camera is the fault of the American ones

How many times was this simple outfit set up to photograph the details of my unique little home, and especially the flower arrangements! Everything was so unusual that indifference was impossible in spite of the enervating climatic influence.

The word "flower" arrangement is somewhat misleading, for in reality very few flowers are used; quite eighty per cent. of their recognized designs are for leaves and branches only. The most expert men and women in this art are usually teachers who will come to your house to give lessons or merely to arrange whatever you have provided for them to use. Sometimes one will have a shop also, as did the man I employed

They have books in which all the different approved designs are pictured with the name of the artist who originated them and the date of their appropriate season. Evidently there are new ones occasionally, because when I asked my man if any of his designs were in the book he brought me to look at he sparkled with pleasure at the suggestion of a possible honor and said he "hoped to have one there some day"

Often they hold little exhibitions among themselves, just as our painters show their pictures. The exhibits are set out in private houses, shops or temples. Watching them work, one is at first convinced that the beautiful creations are the result of a natural gift, or such complete training of a responsive mind that they could quite naturally adapt the fundamental idea to unexpected requirements. This does not follow at all, however. Roses, for example, are very common in Japan—that is to say, they have a small, delicate, long stemmed species which should be easily arranged according to their ideas, yet when I gave him some to use in Japanese fashion he just jumbled them all into a deep vase with even less taste than we would tolerate. His art or training was entirely by "the book," and I found it had never taught him to include roses in his floral calculations. Yet there he was, amiable creature, willing to spend hours at a time evolving and perfecting such designs as he knew, delighted to find an appreciative foreigner, and besides, horrid thought, a very good customer. I probably spent as much as two dollars and fifty cents a week to keep the entire house decorated

In the summer we had iris or morning glory, and on one occasion I even found him using geraniums, and always the exquisite combinations of different green branches. Later there were, of course, chrysanthemums, gorgeous autumn tinted leaves, and bare, twiglike branches in combination with flowers.

No 2 —SUSUME—A PORTRAIT
LARGE RECTILINEAR LENS, FOUR SECONDS EXPOSURE

A Ride for a Prince

A SUCCESSFUL impresario must have a rare combination of talents. His judgment of music and musicians must be of the first order, and his ability for reading human nature must be acute. Among the impresarios of America whose experiences have embraced all phases of life representative of this pursuit is Mr. Victor Thrane, who relates the following episode

Every impresario has faced moments when his whole success seemed to hang on the speed of a train. The most thrilling ride ever taken by Ysaye, the violinist, came about through such a condition

Several years ago the Prince of Belgium was the guest of Mr. O. H. P. Belmont at an exclusive social function at which the musical program was the principal feature. Melba, Ysaye, Campanari and several other stars of the first magnitude were there, but neither the host, the guest of honor, nor the public has ever known the story behind Ysaye's appearance that night

Mr. Belmont applied to me for the services of Ysaye. The appropriateness of having this great Belgian violinist participate in a program honoring the presence of a member of the royal household of Belgium was of almost compelling forcefulness, and Mr. Belmont offered me $1000 to have Ysaye on hand

The time for perfecting plans was short. The reception in New York was to be given on a Tuesday evening, and Ysaye had to appear at a Cincinnati concert the night before. At the office of the railroad I was informed that by running a special train from Cincinnati to Columbus at phenomenally high speed it would be possible to make connections with the fast mail for New York. The local railway officials consented to undertake this task, and Mr. Belmont was notified of the acceptance of his proposition.

On Saturday afternoon, however, I received a message saying that higher officials had overruled the arrangement on the ground that it involved an unwarrantable risk. Business is practically at a standstill in New York on Saturdays after twelve o'clock. Finally, however, I learned that the president of the road was in Philadelphia and I reached him by long-distance telephone. He upheld the decision of the other officials, but I strenuously urged my case

"Well," he finally declared, "if the officials at Cincinnati will take the responsibility I shall not interfere." Immediately I sent to a personal friend, in Cincinnati, a thirty-dollar telegram explaining the situation and asking him to exert his strong influence with the railway officials. The latter were also telegraphed to.

I never so much dreaded to open a telegram as that which was handed me Monday morning, but it told me that the special would run. So close was the running time of the train arranged that a delay of five minutes would defeat the entire project, as the fast mail could not be held a minute at

No. 1—A PORTRAIT
LARGE RECTILINEAR LENS, 8 X 10 PLATE, FOUR SECONDS' EXPOSURE ON DOUBLE-COATED PLATE

Columbus. To insure absolute promptness in the start two carriages were held in waiting at the stage door. Into one of these Ysaye hurried the instant the last number was finished. The second carriage followed close behind, so that any accident to the first one would not prevent a prompt arrival at the station.

During the entire progress of the trip I was close behind a telegraph operator in the New York office and was kept informed of every onward movement. When I received a message saying that Columbus had been reached five minutes in advance of the time set, I felt a deep relief. When the start from Columbus was actually made my anxiety abated and the relief was steady from that moment until the train arrived. Ysaye told me that the ride from Cincinnati to Columbus was the most exciting he had ever experienced, and that the surges of the car, as it whipped around sharp curves, caused him literally to "play pizzicato on the seats"

At every turn the impresario must be on his guard against fraud. The cleverest scheme that I ever encountered was in a provincial city in the Southwest. Here the local manager had put into his opera house a secret ticket chute leading from the gallery door to a cupboard in his private office, and it enabled him to bury hundreds of gallery tickets which, in consequence, he did not have to account for in his settlement.

Corn Starch in Bread Making with Receipts

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

Wide as is the variety of uses to which Kingsford's Corn Starch is now generally put in cooking, there are still many other ways not known to the average housewife in which this valuable product may be used to advantage. One of these is in bread making. A small proportion of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch mixed with the flour will make the bread much more light, delicate, nutritious and attractive.

Try it in the following receipts:

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

Sift together three and one-half cups of whole wheat flour, half a cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a tablespoon of sugar. Soften a cake of compressed yeast with three tablespoons of water and add to a pint of warm milk. Pour this into the sifted mixture, and when well blended, beat it hard before setting aside to raise. When light add two teaspoons of salt and as much more flour as can be beaten in with a wooden spoon. Let this raise again, and then beat out the air bubbles and pour into two greased loaf pans. When almost double in bulk, place in a moderately hot oven and bake about fifty minutes.

This is a very wholesome bread and easily made.

CREAM BISCUIT

Sift together one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, three teaspoons of baking powder and half a spoon of salt. Moisten with cream as soft as can be handled. Roll out on a well-floured board, cut in small biscuits and place in a pan, brushing over with melted butter, wetting the tops before baking. Have oven very hot, and bake ten or fifteen minutes, according to size.

CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED

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ALLIGATOR LORE

By GEORGE HORTON

PEOPLE who have traveled much must have noticed that every large animal has its lore, or collection of stories and superstitions concerning it. This is true of the elephant and tiger, for instance. Natives who dwell in the habitat of these beasts have many curious things to relate of encounters with them, their habits, their intelligence. There is no animal of which more queer stories are told than the American alligator, as the great army of Northerners who hunt and fish each winter among the bayous of Mississippi will testify. The alligator is an odd and mysterious creature, well fitted to appeal to the imagination; there is no doubt, moreover, that he possesses a certain degree of cunning and is as eccentric as he looks. The peculiar feature of alligator lore is that many of the things that are related about him are so preposterous that Munchausen, Joe Mulholland, Herodotus, or any other famous liar, would have rejected them, yet they are told in the South with persistent gravity.

I have been spending some time among the bayous of Mississippi and have seen an alligator or two. It is possible for them to be quite numerous and be seen but rarely. They make their haunts in the deep grass of marshes, in impenetrable swamps, or in those long arms of the sea which thread a wilderness of pine forest and morass. They have a way of masquerading as logs when you do see them, or of floating just below the water with but three points showing—the tip of the snout and the two projections at the eyes. When they see you they sink to the bottom without creating a ripple.

There are two separate and distinct classes of alligator stories: those told by Northern hunters and those related by the Southerners themselves. It is hard to say in which class the spirit of Ananias is most discernible.

A well-known baseball expert, a New Yorker, who has hunted and fished much in the neighborhood of Biloxi, is responsible for the following: "I was rowing up a little bayou one day when I saw a fourteen-foot alligator eating a cow that he had killed. You know how they kill a cow? Well, a big alligator squats a little ways from a drinking place and turns himself into a log for the time being. When a cow comes down to drink, and gets between him and the bank, he hits her a terrible swat with his tail and either stuns her or knocks her into the water. In either case he has her at his mercy."

Those who know the fearful effectiveness of an alligator's tail will not regard this explanation as entirely beyond credence. At any rate, the saurian would be able to cause a cow a distinct feeling of surprise. "When I came back in the afternoon," continued the New Yorker, "I pointed out a log to my friend, who was fishing with me, which neither of us had seen there in the morning. It was sticking straight out over the bank, and, for some reason or other, caught our eyes. We rowed toward it, and when we had got quite close it suddenly turned into an alligator and plunged into the water with a tremendous splash, nearly swamping the boat. I went back after him on another day, taking a rifle, and sure enough, I saw him. Just the top of his head was on the surface of the water, and it looked like a trunk lid. As soon as he saw me he silently sank." Another New Yorker, an artist, heard of this same alligator, and spent several days trying to get a shot at him. At last he saw him, but his rifle stock somehow and emitted a "click" before it could be got in order. Mr. Alligator heard the sound and discreetly disappeared. The same beast has since been killed, and he was fourteen feet long.

Had the artist gone for his game in the night he would probably have been more successful. The professional hunters row up the bayous throwing a bright light ahead of them from a bull's eye, and they have no difficulty in getting close enough to kill the beasts with quite small shot. They usually aim for the eye. The heaviest shot will glance from an alligator's body as from a coat of mail—as I have found to my own disgust. Mr. John Kimball, a famous Nimrod of Illinois, who spends much of his time in the neighborhood of Biloxi, has tried to spear alligators. He says the harpoon glances off with a "ching."

Not long ago some fishermen shot a small alligator and threw him into a dingey belonging to their schooner. Ere they reached port he revived and nearly thrashed the boat to pieces. Then they killed him some more and brought him home to Ocean Springs, where they dragged him into the yard of the principal hotel of the place. A Northern man poked him with his cane, and an onlooker cried, "Look out!"

"He's dead," said the man with the cane, and at that moment the big lizard hit him with his tail. The man sat down with such violence that he could not get up again, and it was necessary to carry him into the house. "That's the liveliest dead alligator I ever saw," he remarked on coming to.

The blow of an alligator's tail is said to be so quick that it cannot be seen with the naked eye. They can also throw the head from side to side and snap with inconceivable suddenness—movements that are the more surprising and unexpected in such a sluggish-appearing beast.

The alligator hunters attract the game by putting the wrist to the mouth and making a loud kissing sound. Any Southern negro will tell you, too, that a dog, made to cry by pulling its ear, is a good decoy. Indeed it is a legend along the bayous that dog is a rare dainty in alligator land. This legend has arisen from the fact that many good coon and 'possum dogs have disappeared with a faint yelp and a gurgle while swimming the bayous. In reality, it is not probable that a hungry saurian would hesitate long between dog, pig and nigger baby.

"Alligator bayous" are muddy trails leading off from the real bayous into the swamps. "Alligator holes" are often located by the absence of water lilies or other aquatic vegetation. Often, during the hibernating season, the snipe or duck hunter steps into one of these holes right upon the back of the reptile sleeping beneath, who has life enough to squirm in protest, or snap feebly. They are sometimes pried out of these holes with rails or other long sticks. The pelt hunters acquire considerable skill in locating these holes. The skins fetch, to the hunters, about fifty cents apiece.

It is not unusual for the farmers living in the alligator country to find nests containing eggs, described as resembling goose eggs, though longer and slimmer. These nests are always destroyed, of course; lizards two or three times as big as a man are not pleasant neighbors. Some people eat alligator meat and pronounce it delicious, but I have never met any one who would confess to eating the eggs.

When you shoot an alligator he sinks, whether you kill him or not. If he dies he turns upside down, and you can see his yellow belly at the bottom of the bayou. The hunters use oyster tongs in getting him up.

It is a theory in the South that alligators snap off the tails of the cows that feed in the green marshes during the summer. I never fail, upon meeting a Southern cow, to observe whether she has lost her tail or not, and the fact is that you will occasionally see a tailless cow. I asked the first man who called my attention to this (in his mind) fact whether the alligators made oxtail soup of the caudal appendages or not, and he became offended.

A Mississippi boy whom I have met tells me that he once came upon an alligator convention in a shallow little pond. He thought that the pond was full of stumps, and walked right down to the edge, when one of the "stumps" yawned and displayed a great jaw filled with teeth. The boy ran all the way home.

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Practical Points in Business Correspondence

By FORREST CRISSEY

IN SMALL establishments that have not reached the stage of development making departmental organization necessary "general orders" are usually transmitted by the proprietor or manager in person. However, this method is still tenaciously clung to by many houses that have long since reached and passed the "department" stage. That it is unsafe and unsystematic scarcely needs to be said. It is a most fruitful source of misunderstandings, mistakes, delays and cross purpose efforts.

Orders from the management to the various department heads should invariably be in writing. This method of transmission permits the orders to be put in a clear, concise definite form, and is, in regard to facility and system, of fully as much benefit to the originating official as to the various department heads. It enables him carefully to scan, revise and strengthen each order before it is promulgated. The copies retained in the general order binder are of obvious value in many ways.

The written order, if properly constructed, leaves no room on the part of a department manager for hesitation or misunderstanding. He has his instructions in black and white, and knows exactly what is expected of him. It is, of course, frequently necessary for the general manager to write special or exclusive orders or instructions to single departments, but a large number of general orders are directed to all the departments of a given rank and may to advantage be issued in duplicate.

At present the common practice seems to be to send the order as an exclusive and individual communication, and each department head has a blank general order. A resourceful general sales manager of my acquaintance, however, devised a multiple letter which was far more effective than that in general use, for the reason that it accomplished certain very desirable results in addition to those possible to the routine "multiple" letter which I have described. The form which he used was as follows:

Office of
[illegible] Vice-President and General Manager
General Order No.
Date
To Messrs. Brown
Hare
Smith
Fenton
McQueen
Groves
Foster

Gentlemen

Upon investigation I am led to the conclusion that the efficient operation of the system of records, reports and accounting which we have been introducing with a view to greater economy of time, labor and money in the conduct of our business is seriously impaired by reason of a lack of interest in and consequent lack of attention to its faithful and energetic prosecution upon the part of the heads of departments.

You will all confer a favor upon me if you will correct this apathetic disposition promptly; each must see that his department carries the system out in all its details with thoroughness.

Sincerely yours,

General Manager.

His experience with these devices was most interesting, and I give it in his own words:

"The office boy who delivered these multiple letters asked each department head receiving one of them to place his initials after his name on one of the copies. Not only did this have the force of the formal receipt for the letter, but it also called the attention of each man to whom the letter was addressed to the fact that his fellow-executives of equal rank had also received the communication. The effect of the impression which this made on the minds of the men receiving the letter was beyond anything I had expected. I very distinctly remember that within one hour of the time when the first general order under this form was distributed one of the executives came into my room with the communication in his hand, and said:

We are going to get together in Brown's room and talk this thing over. There is one consolation, anyway, the old man has not included all of us in his reprimand, and I don't mind being called down a little when I know that all of the department heads are getting precisely the same thing—and this letter shows on the face of it that he has not made any exceptions.

Almost invariably, from that time forward, a little impromptu conference of the department heads followed the distribution of this kind of a general order. It was simply that every man knew that the other executives had received the same communication, and the fact that they were all thinking about it at the same time naturally led them to get together and discuss the matter at the moment.

"Then, too, it had the effect of making each man feel that he was being served the same as all his associates of equal rank. If the communication had been addressed personally to him he might have *inferred* that it had also been sent individually to others, but he could not have been sure of it, and the doubt would have operated to make him uncomfortable and very likely would have made him feel sensitive about discussing the subject with the other department heads, thus losing the value of the informal discussion which, as I have said, invariably followed the distribution of the general order under the form I had devised. Then, occasionally I found that there would be a difference of opinion as to the exact meaning of some clause in an order thus promulgated. This resulted in a conference with the official who signed the communication to the end of a perfect understanding of his intent.

"Under the old way the department head who had a little doubt about the exact meaning of the order sometimes hesitated to take it to headquarters for fear that the official would think him a trifle dull or stupid, but when he went in company with others for this opinion he had no fear whatever on this score.

There are many features of agency and branch office correspondence which need careful scrutiny in order that the sales organization, although complex and diverse in character, may operate effectively as a unit in securing right results.

No two agents or branch office managers will obtain results in the same manner. They should not be expected to do so. Besides their differing personal characteristics, they have to meet varying phases of character in their daily contact with their trade, and each must, to a considerable extent, be free to exercise his individuality in this task. However, there must be a central plan of campaign devised by the general office. The closer this plan is followed by all the more certain will be the profitable result. Yet the wise manager will not seek to trammel his co-workers with inflexible rules and hard-and-fast regulations.

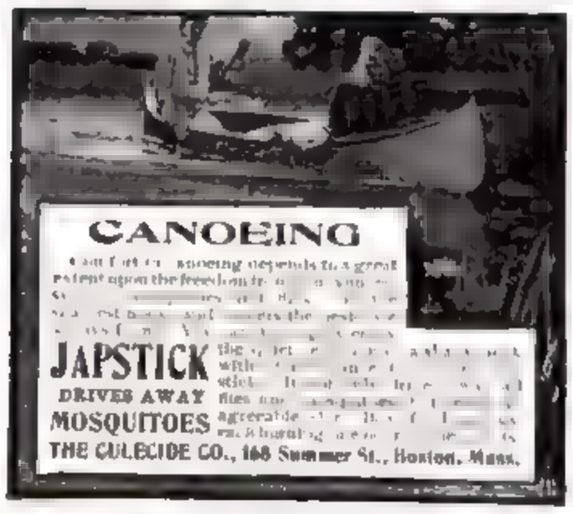
No merchant or manufacturer can do better than observe the following exceedingly sound advice by Arthur Helps. In the Choice and Management of Agents he says:

> You should behave to your subordinate agents in such a manner that they will not be afraid to be frank with you. They should be able to comment freely upon your directions, and may thus become your best counselors; for those who are intrusted with the execution of any work are likely to see things which have been overlooked by the person who designed it, however sagacious he may be.

As nearly all the negotiations between the head office and the branch offices and agencies are by letter, this advice applies directly to the matter of correspondence.

A nice distinction is to be made between the exact method of treating with branch offices and with independent agents. As usually arranged, the branch office manager is paid a fixed salary and is a direct employee of the company, devoting his time exclusively to its affairs and looking to it for his chief support and instructions. Naturally, he is directly subject to the general rules and

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by Mr Crissey on the proper conduct of a business correspondence.



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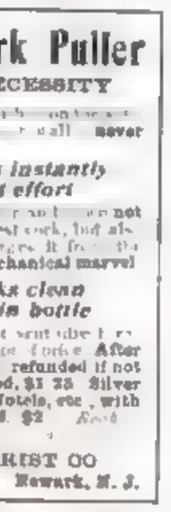

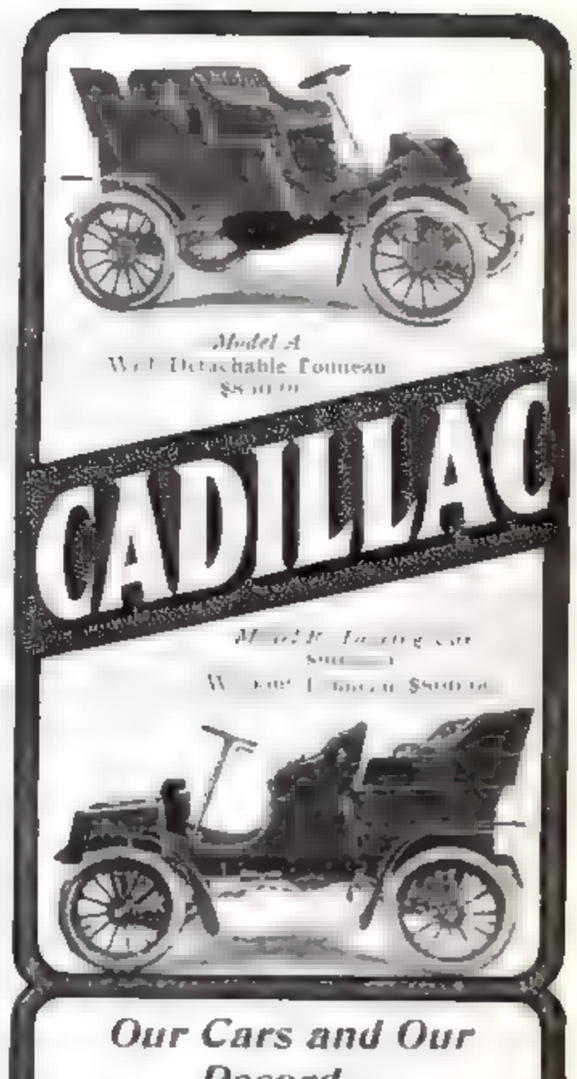

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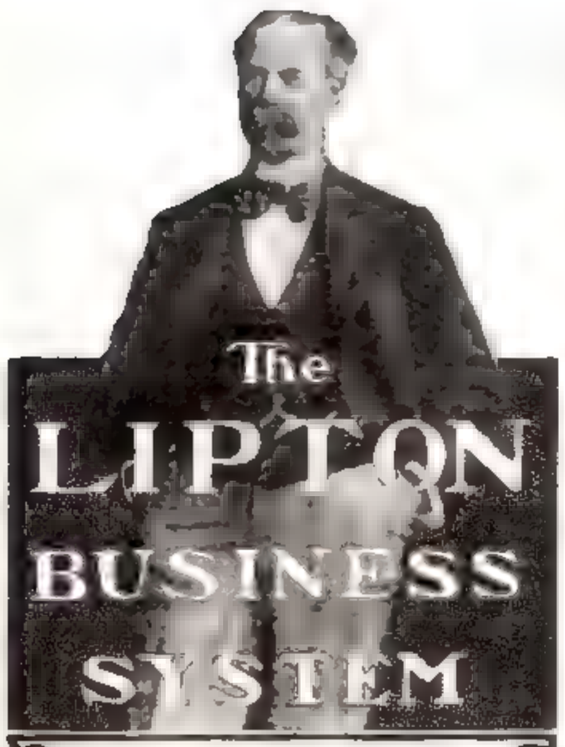

Facts and Figures

The Book-keeper and Business Man's Magazine is written by *members*—experts who are on the inside of the businesses of which they write. It furnishes facts and figures, not opinions and observations.

Take the May Number, for instance. "The Lipton Business System" is an article of 7 pages illustrated by 21 photographic reproductions, prepared from direct information furnished by Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Davies, his representative in this country, giving an inside view of the [illegible] business system of its kind.

The Articles on Banking in this same issue of

THE BOOK-KEEPER
AND
BUSINESS MAN'S
MAGAZINE

form a good example of the principle.

Why the Bowery Savings Bank Advertises shows how one of the strongest savings banks in the country goes after new business. Its author, Dr. Wm. S. Wood, president of the bank, writes from the inside.

Other interesting articles on this subject in the May number, that you will want to read, are:

"Perils of Small Investors"
"The Administration of a Country Bank"
"An Accounting System for a Stock Brokerage Business"
"Note-ing a City Bank"
"The Validity of Signatures"
All written by men who know exactly what they are talking about.

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Name .....
Street .....
Town .....

orders of the company, and expects to be closely guided thereby.

The independent agent is engaged in business for himself and handles the product of the company in an exclusive territory, either on a commission basis, or buying outright and selling at a prearranged margin or profit, or fixing the selling price to suit himself and the conditions of his local market.

Obviously, an agent of this character is to be treated on practically the same basis as an ordinary customer. In fact it is often imperative that the relationship between such an agent and the company be more diplomatically conserved than relations with an average customer. An independent agent frequently, if not generally, has a large and valuable patronage. His trade looks to him as an authority, as responsible for the quality of the merchandise sold, and he can sell almost anything that he is willing to back with his personal reputation for veracity, fair dealing and good judgment.

Such an agent, if offended, or if dissatisfied with the methods of the company, may elect to discontinue handling its line of goods and take on a line manufactured by one of the company's competitors, thus causing the house the loss of a volume of trade far in excess of that usually at the command of the average customer.

Large manufacturers are keenly alive to the importance of securing strong, independent agents where they do not consider it advisable to establish branch offices of their own. Competition is extremely keen to close an agency contract with desirable men, and often considerable rivalry is developed in the matter. Frequently rival companies are able to discover the date of expiration of a competitor's agency contract, and get on the ground promptly with attractive inducements for the desired agent to handle their line exclusively. Consequently, in correspondence and the general attitude toward an agency of this kind, there must be tact and diplomacy and every effort made to insure a continuity of business relations. The personal equation is an important factor in fostering a bond of loyalty and mutual confidence, and should be developed to as great an extent as possible.

One of the most important and diplomatic tasks in this special field of correspondence is that of "bracing up" the lagging agency without wounding the feelings of the agent who may be in a very independent position and possibly inclined to "make a change" without due provocation. Here is a letter very effectively used (with intelligent variations) by a large establishment.

It is given as suggesting the possibility of "punching up" an agent without being offensive to him. The letter is as follows:

From	*To*
Merchant & Co.	*William & Williams*
	Franklin, Md.

Date, July 5, 1901.

Subject: Your Sales

Answering yours

Gentlemen:

The writer has just received from our secretary the report of sales of our various agents. I have examined these with a great deal of care and interest. I am particularly interested in the report of your agency. You will find duplicate copy inclosed.

Referring to this report you will notice that although the January sales approximated a very satisfactory total, each month since has declined so that for June the amount covers the price of a single machine.

I regret that, owing to absence, my attention was not directed to this condition sooner, because I feel that there must be some reason for it and that there is also a remedy. The longer a trouble brews or a disease runs the slower the recovery and the more drastic is the necessary remedy.

Have you any explanation of the loss in sales? I have kept a fairly close watch on trade conditions generally, and am not aware of any good reasons why we should not expect an increasing amount of business from your territory, instead of the reverse.

You will remember, no doubt, that when we agreed to give your company the exclusive sale of our products in your State you were very confident of making a good showing and of holding the lead in our line. There may be reasons that have escaped me to explain the situation, and I shall be glad to have you write me fully giving all the facts in the case. I know that the quality of our goods is as high as ever, even better, and the trouble must be in some other direction. I do not believe you have been running after "false gods." It must rest with your sales organization. I know how difficult it is to keep the salesmen individually and collectively keyed up to their best efforts. I know you have the market and that the goods will continue to meet every reasonable expectation, and that the sales will follow as a natural result if the proper campaign is vigorously pushed. There is a good margin of profit for you and for us, and I am anxious that together we devise some method of recovering lost ground. If you can conveniently arrange it I should be very pleased to have you come here a few days as a guest of our company. We, of course, will refund your railway fares both ways, and I am sure you can spend a pleasant and profitable week here. We can each get a better understanding of the situation, and I hope you will advise me by early mail that you will accept the invitation.

With kind regards, I am
Sincerely yours.

The vast territory covered by commercial operations in this country, and the consequent fact that branch houses and agencies are generally hundreds of miles from the parent house, involves peculiar conditions in the matter of correspondence. How to divide responsibility and authority between the general office and the branch offices and agencies is often a delicate problem requiring the constant exercise of good judgment and a nice diplomacy. First, it is absolutely essential that the main office shall retain a broad, critical survey of its trade in the entire field. On the other hand, the rights and dignity of the branch office manager or the agent must be fully respected and upheld in his territory.

Unless this kind of correspondence is handled in a thoroughly systematic and uniform way, which at once conserves the interest of the house, the branch and the customer, bad blood and dissatisfaction are certain to be the result. This condition gives rise to that class of communications commonly called "referred letters," and it is a most important division of the epistolary work of all enterprises operating in a wide territory through branches or agencies.

The oversight of the work of an "independent" agency cannot, of course, be as close and arbitrary as that of a branch or exclusive agency, and consequently its correspondence does not properly come under the immediate jurisdiction of the general office. But, nevertheless, there should be as definite a knowledge as possible of the methods employed, and there is no reason why there may not be friendly and helpful suggestions from the general office to the independent agent in regard to the conduct of correspondence relating to their common interest.

Of course, the final measure of efficiency is found in the results achieved; and where results are satisfactory it may be safe to infer that methods are right; at the same time, methods are seldom so perfect as to admit of no improvement, and good returns cannot legitimately be made an excuse for an entire absence of advice and supervision.

Agents and branch offices are usually assigned a limited territory. All inquiries that come direct to the general office are referred at once, for attention and reply, to the branch office or agent covering the territory from which the inquiry originates. But this, by no means, should be "the last of the matter."

It is the practice of some companies to refer letters without first making a direct acknowledgment to the inquirer. This is wrong in every sense. The letter should, in each instance, be acknowledged from the general office. At the same time a copy of the letter should be forwarded to the branch manager or agent, with an advice covering any special suggestion, and requesting prompt and careful attention.

A careful record should be kept of all letters referred to branch offices and agencies, and sound methods employed to make "assurance doubly sure" that prompt and due attention has been given them. The following has been given a very serviceable form for the acknowledgment originating in the territory of a branch office or agency:

Dear Sirs:

We have your esteemed favor of ..... and are pleased to note that you are in the market for .....

In order better to serve our customers in your territory we have established a branch office (or agency) in ..... This is in charge of ..... They have prices and all information regarding our various products, and we are certain that you will find them very courteous and attentive in their dealings.

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FRESH GRAPES *the* YEAR 'ROUND?

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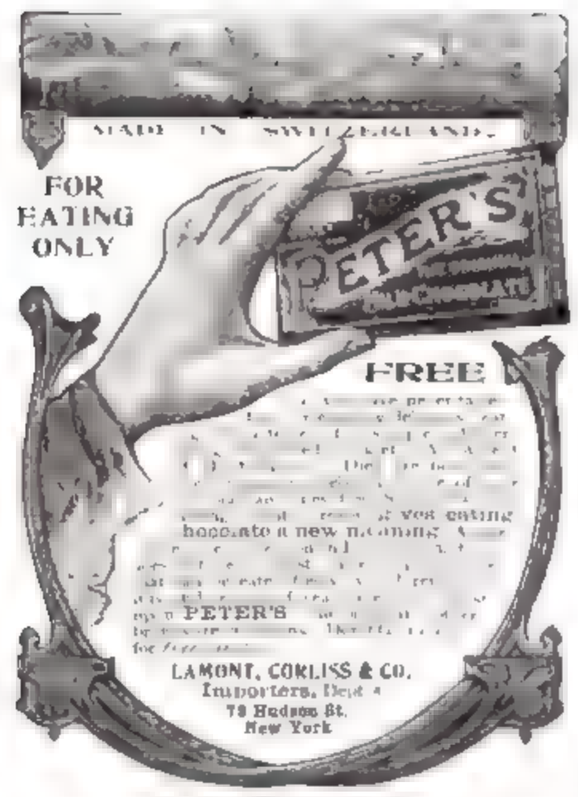

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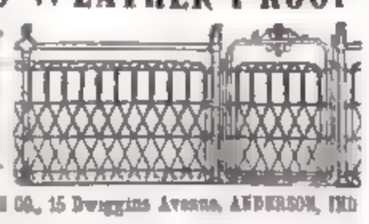
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We have taken the liberty of referring your letter to them, with instructions to give it prompt attention and reply.

We hope you will conclude to place your order with them. We assure you of our hearty cooperation to give you the best goods and service possible.

Thanking you for your inquiry, and awaiting your further favors with interest, we are,

Sincerely yours,

For various reasons, it is considered wise to retain all original letters coming to the general office, and in referring them to the branch offices it is safe practice to send a careful copy. This copy may be made on a separate sheet and inclosed in a formal letter referring to it, or the letter may be copied on the same sheet with the formal reference using an "internal correspondence" letterhead, as follows:

From Merchant & Co. Chicago	*To* Williams & Brown Cincinnati
Date..... 19..	

No.....
Subject: Potter & Company Inquiry
In reply to yours.....

We are in receipt of an inquiry from the above company as follows:

Please give the above inquiry your usual prompt attention and endeavor to secure their business. Kindly acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

We would like to know later the result of your interview or correspondence with them. We shall send our usual follow-up letter to them in ten days.

Sincerely yours,
MERCHANT & CO.

After a suitable and predetermined interval the original inquiry should be "followed up." A form similar to the following may be used:

Dear Sirs:

On..... we received an inquiry from ..... As advised, we referred your letter to our agents in ....., requesting them to give you a prompt reply and to quote prices that would secure your order.

Kindly advise us if you received a satisfactory service. Thanking you for your courtesy in the matter and awaiting with interest your reply, we are

Sincerely yours,

Where there have been a large number of referred inquiries the request for reports may be made periodically in a blanket form, as follows:

From Merchant & Co. Chicago	*To* Williams & Brown Cincinnati
Date .....19...	

No.....
Subject: Referred Inquiries.
In reply to yours.....

During the month of.....we referred the following inquiries to you. Kindly advise us of the results of your letters in each case.

Date, March 1
No. 1. James Wilson & Son, Detroit.
Date, March 1
No. 2. Harrison & Flanders, Detroit.
Date, March 1.
No. 3. Ketcham & Gibson, Detroit.
Date, March 5
No. 4. Merrill & Ogden, Cleveland.
Date, March 8.
No. 5. J. J. Boyd, Cincinnati.

The report of results from agents is valuable as a check against delinquencies or carelessness in correspondence, and also enables the advertising department to make an estimate showing the relation between the cost of an inquiry and the resulting profit.

In "referring" correspondence it should be done in a way which will give the customer an impression that the inquiry is handled in that manner solely for his accommodation and to secure him better service, and that, although referred to a branch office or agent, the general office is so deeply interested that the inquiry will be looked after in every detail as carefully and as promptly as if handled direct from the general office.

These outlines are, of course, merely suggestive, and for the purpose of indicating to the resourceful business man who has not given careful study and research to the problem of keeping up his correspondence the many ways in which he may accomplish that important result by devising a better system or mechanism in that branch of his business.

In the Case of a Great Watch
Since I began making the
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it has been assailed by every known form of competition. To-day it is greater and stronger because the methods of its making were based on honest principles. I want you to know something of the watch history of America and how the greatest watch works in the world were established. Address The Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, Dept. C, Canton, O.
The Watchman

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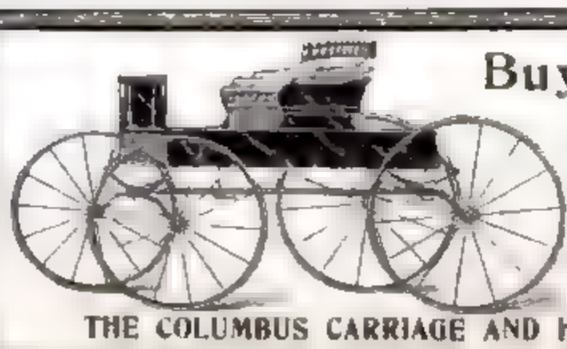
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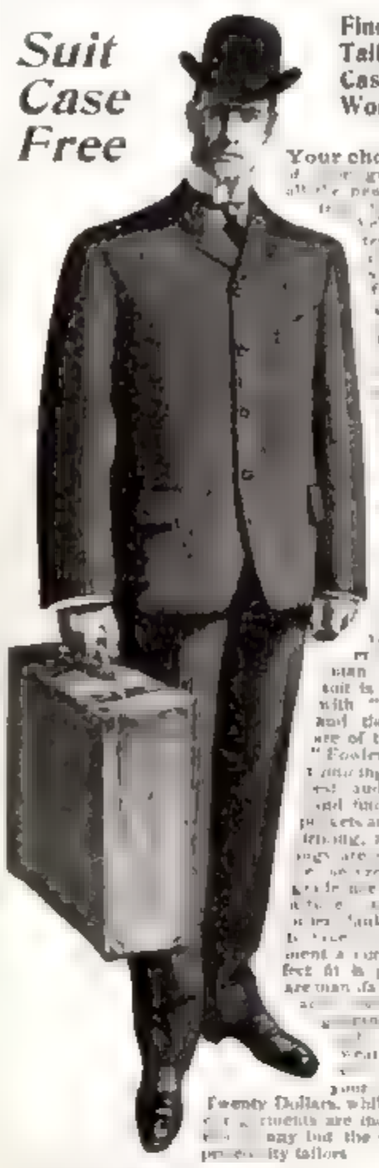

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A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee almost perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examining at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in ... finish or fit, you need not accept it. It will be returned ... at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is ... and ... The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up stylishly in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples ... and

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A Democratic Princess

(Continued from Page 8)

"When—where?" asked Dalton

"To a young man—alone," the Princess replied, looking at him with wide-open dark eyes as was her way

"That depends," he hesitated

"When he has asked to talk to her," said the Princess, sinking on the stone bench

She would probably make him say what he had to say."

"But you say nothing," the Princess answered, "and I do not know how to make you. I may pretend. I am not an American girl"

"You—you ought to be," Dalton stammered as he watched her.

The Princess smiled

"You mean that for something nice

"The nicest," he said. "You don't know what an American girl is. I never thought there could be any one at all like one—particularly ——"

She held up her fingers warningly

"Are we not all daughters of Eve? Remember, I am an American. And you say this would be nothing unusual for an American girl"

"To see—a man she did not know——" began Dalton

"Then it would be shocking—even in America," the Princess interrupted quickly She thought for a moment. "I am sorry. I believed that I was doing the right thing And you wrote"

"After the few minutes in the automobile I know that I was wrong. But I dared——"

"And when men dare in America——"

"They are blamed—but sometimes forgiven."

"Should not men always be daring—and brave?" she asked

"Should they?" he asked eagerly. "I have been daring, I know. How much bravery it has taken to do what I have you don't know. A kind of modern bravery Not in defying dragons and that kind of thing—but in defying conventions and conditions and requirements."

"A man is not a man who stops to think of conventions and conditions," she said briefly

"I'm glad that you believe it," he said earnestly. "You will understand better. I should not like to displease you. I should not like to make you angry—much less now, since——"

"Since——" she prompted

"Since I have heard you speak. I should not like to have you think badly of me"

"I do not," she said as she turned and gazed away

"I am almost sorry now," he went on

"Are you?" she asked softly

"You don't know," he said. "What I have done must appear very strange. Most unwarranted—most intrusive. I don't know that I can forgive myself. I did not think about it at first. I was carried along Perhaps it's what is called American enterprise"

"What is that?" she asked

"A very good thing, but something that can be overdone. Perhaps I have overdone it. You see, you don't know anything about me, and, of course, couldn't understand if you did."

"Why not?" she said slowly

"Because you don't know anything about America or the life——"

"But all Americans are gentlemen," she said with the same tone in which she had made the announcement on the preceding evening

"The most of them try to be," he answered. "But there are all sorts of little things that are different there from here. We work there——"

"Work," she said, "with your hands!"

"With our hands, heads, anything

"And you work?" she said in astonishment. "You are poor?

"Rather," he answered

"And I thought all Americans were rich," she exclaimed in further amazement

"Lots of them are, but most of them are poor just as I am. Oh, you can't understand I lived very nearly what would be called the life of a gentleman here. A good school and a big college—money so that I could go away with the glee club and be on the crew And then—my own way to make in the world"

The Princess gazed at him with lingering intensity

"You are in the army—a soldier" she said

"I told you that you could not understand," he almost groaned "No, I am not in the army. We try to make money there We take the first means that comes of making it and then try for something else and something better. That's why I am in Europe now; why I was in Reichburg and saw you"

"Yes," said the Princess gently

"I saw you first in the Herzogengarten in your automobile. I liked the way you looked

The Princess took the tendrils of a curling vine between her fingers

"I heard what people called you—the Little Princess. I know what was said about you—that you had different ideas—took things more liberally. I saw you from day to day. I began to watch for you

The Princess bent her head and studied the leaf with the closest attention

"You seemed so far off, and I never thought that I could speak to you Still I watched you"

The Princess bent her head still lower as if for more careful scrutiny

"Then I heard that you were coming here I followed. I did not know what might happen

"You thought that, too," she whispered

"And something has," he said. "You are here. I am here talking to you. Really, it is the last thing I should have expected in the world. Very wonderful"

"Yes," the Princess assented

Dalton laughed

"Well," he said, "business is business I suppose that I had better say what I have to say"

The Princess gave him a short, puzzled glance.

"You said that you liked the automobile That was one of our regular stock machines You could see yourself what it was. Our touring cars are simple in construction powerful in operation. They are built to run smoothly—to ride easily. They represent the highest type of automobile perfection and are becoming known in every corner of the world. Bearings of minimum friction, extra heavy chain, powerful brakes on both transmission and rear wheels—latest type of cooling device——"

Princess Ottalie sprang to her feet Drawing a little back she gazed at him with startled eyes.

"Stop!" she cried

"The engine is very compact and powerful, the steering wheel very sensitive; strong and rigid framework—wonderful durability. We make more nearly the entire car than any factory in the world"

For an instant Princess Ottalie put her little hands over her ears. Then she dropped them and closed them tightly

"You—you wished to talk to me about—an automobile?" she exclaimed

"Yes," he said "You see, I have been sent over here by our company. I told you that I took the first thing that came

"Oh!" exclaimed Princess Ottalie

"I saw you at the capital and knew that if you used our automobile the whole country all Europe, would be anxious to have them You see, I only thought of you as some one away off—as I told you—as an official, as it were. Not as one with whom I could talk as we have talked

"I am glad of that," she said briefly

"I told you I might have overdone it—but I thought of you as Princess Ottalie of Stoltzberg-Hohenfels."

She made a little gesture.

"As an official," she laughed bitterly

"Yes" he said

"And you would not do this at home?"

"Try to sell an automobile to a girl I did not know—to any girl for an advertisement? No," he cried in scorn

The Princess Ottalie sank back on the stone seat. She leaned her head wearily against a huge block of stone and looked off across the valley. Neither spoke. A church bell in the distance tinkled musically The sound seemed to add to the drowsy peace of the time

"I have told you so much," he went on at last, "and you have been so good as to listen I want to tell you the rest. I wanted to make money the fastest possible—because of a girl."

"An American girl?" asked Princess Ottalie, though she did not look at him, a faint smile appearing for an instant

"Yes," he said gravely, "who lives in Columbus, Ohio."

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"Columbus, Ohio," replied the Princess slowly. "I do not know the place."

"We were engaged the year after I came out of college—and I must have an income."

"Is—is she pretty?" the Princess asked.

Dalton drew a small silver case from a pocket over his heart. He pressed a spring, and with a click the lid flew back. He held out a picture to the Princess.

"You are so kind and interested I want to show this to you," said Dalton.

The Princess took the silver frame.

"Yes," she said. "Yes. She is very pretty. I hope that you will be very happy."

"We shall be," Dalton answered confidently. "I've got my eye on a house that I'll take when I get back."

"And you will be married soon?"

"Just as soon as possible. It made me feel glad, I can tell you, when she said in the letter to-day that some one had sent a wedding present already."

"A wedding present," murmured the Princess as she stood up again. "Ah!" She unclasped a simple heavy gold chain which she wore about her wrist. "Will you send this—as a wedding present—to the girl in Columbus, Ohio?"

Dalton held out his hand, but did not take the gift.

"I think she would not mind," said Princess Ottalie gently. "You remember I am also the Princess Ottalie of Stoltzberg-Hohenfels—an official."

The tread of heavy footsteps came from the doorway. The sound of deep breathing issued from the same opening. Red faced and out of breath, the Baroness von Atzleben emerged upon the platform.

"Ah, here you are," she cried, too excited and disturbed for ceremony. "We have searched for you everywhere."

"Yes," exclaimed General Steiglitz, following in apoplectic perturbation. "We thought your Highness was lost."

"Indeed," observed Princess Ottalie. Then she addressed the Baroness. "You remember Monsieur Dalton, who was so kind. And," she continued, turning to him, "I do not think I shall take the automobile."

"Thank you," he replied earnestly.

"I think," she said, "that both of us should rather have it that way."

That evening Princess Ottalie again stood upon the balcony. The sky was softly violet. The stars shone mildly. A gentle breeze stirred the moving trees. The night was perfect, but the summer was coming, and something of its lassitude was in the air. A voice came through the darkness distinctly now:

There's only one girl in this world for me

This time the Princess heard the rest:

She's not so very pretty
Nor yet of high degree
But—there's only one girl in this world for me

The Princess nodded her head slowly.

"The girl," she murmured, "from Columbus, Ohio."

In her hand she held a faded bunch of flowers. She made a motion as if to cast it from her, but instead of letting it go her slim fingers closed upon it and kept the withered nosegay in her grasp.

Good Security

"BUFFALO BILL" was once exhibiting in Boston, and while giving a little reception at his tent at the close of the afternoon performance he was approached by a young man and his mother. After a moment of embarrassment on the lady's part she said:

"Do you consider that you give a true picture of Western life?"

"We try to, madam," answered Mr. Cody.

"The people really ride about and shoot in that terrific manner, do they?" she continued.

"Well, yes; on occasion," the showman replied, rather more guardedly.

"I never suspected it," went on the lady in some agitation. "Most of the money left me by my husband is invested in the West, but I now feel doubtful about allowing any more of it to go there."

"Is it secured by first-class real estate mortgage?"

"I believe so."

"Madam," said Cody with confidence, "do not give yourself the least uneasiness. In all my experience with the West I have never yet seen a first mortgage on real estate riding a bucking bronco, shooting up the town, or doing anything except grimly drawing its twelve per cent. per annum. I wish I owned a million of 'em."

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HURRICANE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 3)

"I dare say it will be within the cabin boy's province to-morrow," said I somewhat sharply

"Very likely," he assented and Holgate who had turned at my tone, exchanged a glance with him

"Mr. Pye is fond of keeping his own counsel," said the third officer in his slow voice and I'm not sure he isn't right, being a lawyer."

"But he isn't a lawyer here," I protested

Pye smiled. "No, I'm not," he said "and please don't remind me of it;" at which we all laughed and grew friendly again. "Well, this is a funny sort of ten for me," said the clerk presently. "I generally patronize the A. B. C." And he rose to go.

Holgate did not move, but sat staring at the fire, which shone on his broad, placid face. "I knew a man once," he observed, "who kept his own counsel

"I hope he was a lawyer," said Pye humorously

"No; he was a steward—the steward of an estate in the north. In the hills was the wealth of a millionaire; coal, Doctor." Holgate looked at me. "And he kept his counsel and held his tongue

"With what object?" I asked

"Oh, a little syndicate succeeded in buying it from the owner, and now it's a nine figure affair."

His face had no expression of inquiry or of inviting comment He had simply stated history, but I was moved to say flippantly

"What luck!"

"The steward got it?" asked Pye

"He romped in," said the third officer

"And will presently be a baronet," said I lightly

"Stranger things have happened," he remarked, and began to smile. I fancy we all smiled, though it was not, of course, altogether humorous.

"Is that called robbery?" asked Holgate

"I doubt if the law covers it," said Pye "No; it's quite an innocent transaction

"What is robbery?" I asked cynically. "Lawyers may feel their way amid the intricacies, but no one else can hope to. I'm stealing now when I take these matches"

"I will follow your example," said Holgate, and did so

"I'm not sure that that's not perks," said little Pye with his quizzical glance

Well, is it perks if I buy a picture from you for ten bob that I know to be worth £1000?" inquired Holgate

Pye considered. "I give it up," he said

"Which only proves," said I, continuing my mood, "that it takes a good caper cutter to move in and out of moral sanctuaries.

"I don't believe I know what that means, quite," said Holgate, giving me the full charge of his steady eyes

I stooped and warmed my fingers, for the cold blast of the streets was forbidding "Well, the most famous people have been those who have successfully performed the egg dance between commandments," I remarked.

"I suppose they have," said Holgate thoughtfully. I rose abruptly, and in the glass above the mantelpiece the two figures behind me came into vision. The little clerk's eyebrows were elevated in a question, and the men faced each other Holgate's lips were pursed, and he nodded I saw this in the flash of rising, and then I turned about

"I shall get a wigging," said Pye, seizing his umbrella. We walked out, and I bade them good-by after a civil exchange of amenities; then I took an omnibus down Chancery Lane, and made for the Underground. As I traveled back my thoughts circled about the situation. I was glad to have made the acquaintance of one or more of my shipmates, if, of course, I was to join the company. Holgate puzzled me for a third officer until I reflected that in these days every officer has a master's license Yet that this man should not by the force of his evident individuality take higher rank in life surprised me. What, however, was of most immediate concern to me was the extreme friendliness of my two companions. Lane was well enough in his way, and certainly had shown his good will; but Holgate was more than this to a lonely man with an appetite for society. Holgate was intelligent.

I found a few patients waiting, and disposed of them by eight o'clock, after which I strolled down to the docks, in despite of the drizzle. I have said that I am interested in my fellows, and, in addition, I confess to a certain forethought. I walked down to the docks with the deliberate intention of acquiring some information about the Sea Queen if that were possible. I knew the name of her owner, or at least of the man who had chartered her; I had the name and acquaintance of one or two of the company; but I knew nothing as to her destination, her properties as a boat, or her time of sailing Some of this ignorance I hoped to remedy by my visit And it seemed that I was in the way to do so from the start; for no sooner was I on the quay in the neighborhood of the yacht than I came upon a handsome young man in the dress of a superior sailor with whom I fell into talk He was outspoken as a child, but volunteered nothing of his own initiative—an amiable, sluggish, respectful fellow, who was, as he stated, quartermaster on the Sea Queen

I confessed my interest in her, at which he indulgently supplied me with information.

I signed on at Glasgow, sir, and most of us, too, and we picked up Mr Morland at Hamburg—him and the ladies."

The ladies'" I echoed, for here was a surprise

Yes, two ladies, what came with him Miss Morland and another lady—a dark one," said my friend

"Oh!" said I. "Then you're off for a pleasure cruise?"

I hardly know, sir," said he. "They do say New York, but I haven't heard definite

That looked in favor of my theory of Mr Morland as an American. He was perhaps a trust king, and Miss Morland a vivacious beauty from Chicago

Here my companion suggested that I might care to have a look at the yacht

"My friend," said I, "you mustn't let me take you on false pretenses. I may be your doctor and I may not be."

Oh, that's all right, sir," said he easily "It can't do harm. We're only loading up with provisions, and there's no mess about

We ascended the gangway and entered the dark ship, which was singularly silent. He had already the sailor's affection for his floating home and pointed me out one or two points for admiration which I understood but ill, as they were technical. As we were peeping into the saloon a man passed us, and stopped sharply

That you, Ellison?" he asked in a harsh voice. "Who's that?

"Only a gentleman having a look round He's to be doctor," said the quartermaster

The man made no reply, but stared at me and then went on swiftly

"Rather abrupt," I commented, smiling

"Oh, that's nothing It's only his way," said the good-natured fellow "He's the boatswain

"Is Mr. Morland an American?" I asked

"I don't know, sir. I've hardly seen him We signed on at Glasgow with a little slip of a fellow representing Mr. Morland; glasses and side-whiskers

"That would be Mr Pye," I said

"Very likely Would you like to take a squint at the engines? Mr. McCrae is on board"

He led me without waiting for answer, toward the engine-room, and called out "Mr. McCrae!" which brought presently a little red faced, bearded man from the depths.

"This gentleman wants to know what you can do," said my friend by way of introduction

The engineer nodded toward me. "We can make eighteen," he said, wiping his hands on a greasy piece of rag. "Eighteen at a pinch, but I keep her going steady at sixteen"

A good boat!" said I.

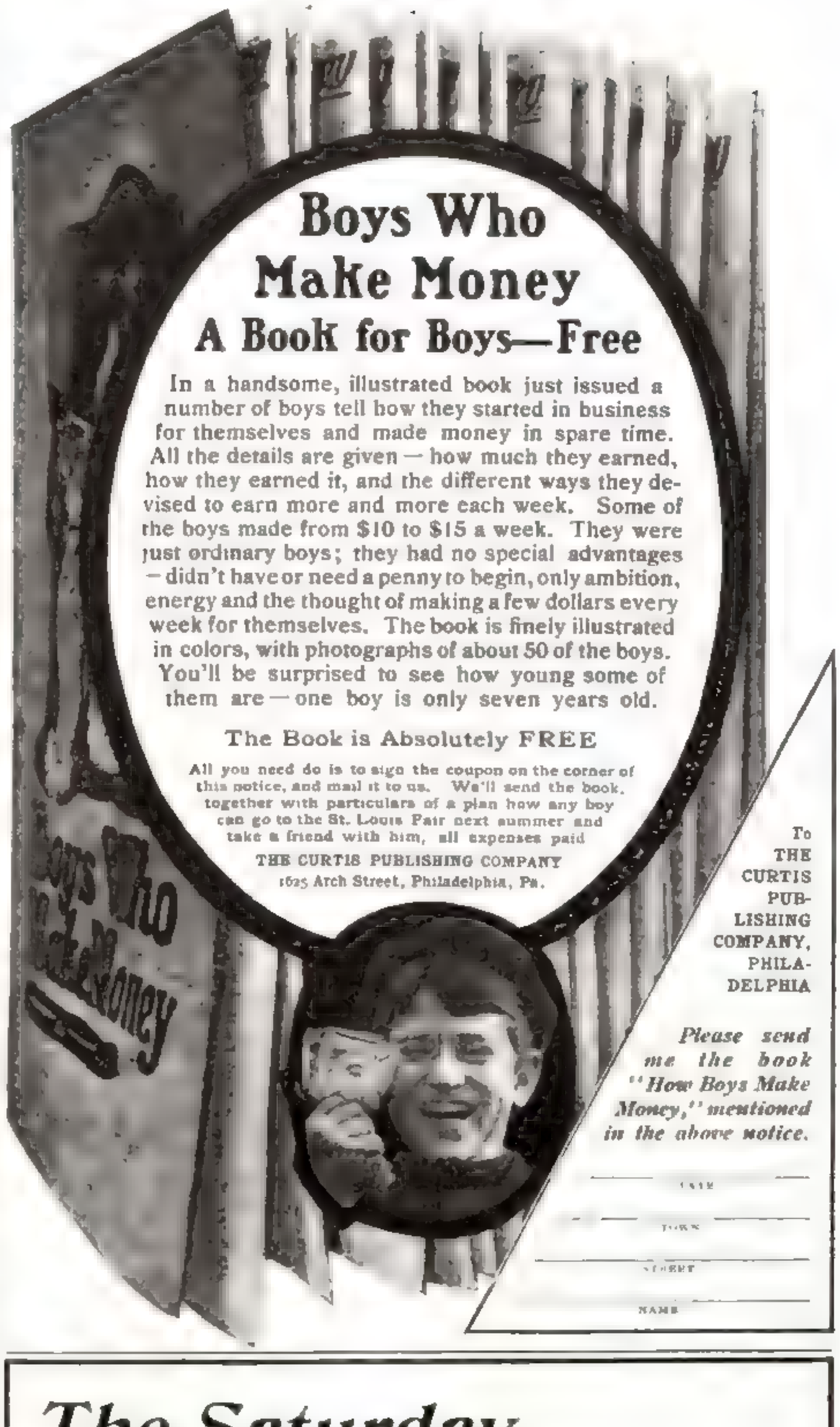
"Aye, tolerable," he said, and pulled out a sheet of paper which he began to peruse under the slender light "This now's another slap in the eye for the Emperor," said McCrae. "this business of the Prince."

"What is it?" I asked "I haven't seen the papers to-night."

He rapped his knuckles on the newspaper "This Prince Frederic of Hochburg kicking over the traces. I tell ye I'm real sorry for the old man. I pity him, Emperor though he be. He's had his sup of troubles."

"But I don't understand what this new one is," I said

McCrae was not above explaining "Well, y'see, this Prince Frederic is the heir to the Duchy of Hochburg, and he has taken up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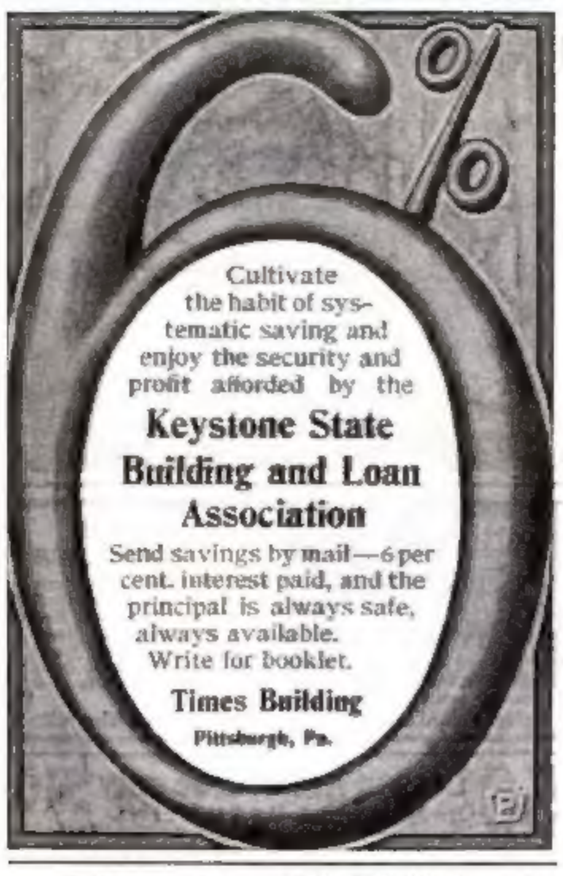
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with some singer and swears he'll resign his inheritance and marry her. That's where the mischief is. Not that the man's not right," proceeded the Scotchman, warming, evidently, to his opinions. "For why should princes be exempt from the dispositions of Providence? Let him come forward like a man, and ye'll see he'll gain the univairsal sympathy of Europe for his honesty."

"It certainly increases the Emperor's difficulties," I said; "for with a vacancy at Hochburg, and the Pan-German movement in full swing——"

"Aye, ye're a student of political affairs," broke in the engineer in his broad Glasgow accent. "And I'll not say there isn't something to be said at the present juncture of European politics. But, man, the principle's all wrong. Why is a man, no better than you or me, to ride over us, whether it be riches or kings or emperors? It's the accident of birth and the accident of riches that dictates to us, and I'm thinking it ought to be set right by legislation."

"Well, we are getting along to the millennium famously," said I jestingly.

"The millennium!" he said with a contemptuous snort.

I think Ellison was pleased to see us getting on so pleasantly in argument, as he was responsible for the introduction, and he now ventured on a statement in the hope, no doubt, of cementing the acquaintanceship.

"This gentleman's coming along with us, Mr. McCrae," he said.

The engineer looked at me.

"I have put in for doctor, but it's by no means certain," I explained.

"Oh, well, we'll hope it is," he said affably—and to the quartermaster, "Ellison, this gentleman'll maybe take a finger of whisky to his own health—and ours," he added with a relaxation of his grim face at his jest. "Ye'll find a bottle in my cabin."

So when the quartermaster had returned, once more I had to drink to the success of my application. It appeared that the Sea Queen was peopled with amiable spirits, if I excepted the boatswain; and as I went over the side I congratulated myself on having already made the acquaintance of two more of my shipmates on a friendly footing—if I were destined to the appointment.

On my way home it struck me that I had already heard of the affair of Prince Frederic. The remark of the man at the next table in the Three Tuns must have referred to the scandal; and as I reflected on that I could see in my mind's eye the little clerk's head go round in a stare at our neighbors.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Summer Citizen

By Frank L. Stanton

I

Talkin' 'bout de winter—
Don't like it, day or night.
W'en de hills pull up de kiver
Er freezin' sheets er white.
En de birds done quit dey singin'
In de treetops, high en low,
En you weary er de ringin'
Er de bells acrost de snow!

II

But gimme all de summer,
W'en de sun is on de shine,
En de crow is in de co'nfiel',
En de white man got me gwine;
En I knows de melon waitin'
W'en de furrow's way is done,
En clost de cool fence co'ner shows
His striped sides ter de sun!

III

Den it is you finds me happy—
Des ez happy ez kin be;
It's Glory Halleluia
Fer de roun' worl' en fer me,
W'en de mules goes home fer noontime
In de twinklin', crinklin' heat,
En you lif' de drippin' bucket,
En de water's cool en sweet!

IV

You des take all yo' winter,
Des all de mistin' hills,
En give ter me de summer—
Green trees en whip-poor-wills,
De hot san' in de furrow—
En all de blindin' light,
En sweet res' w'en de work's done,
En you tell de worl' "Good-night!"

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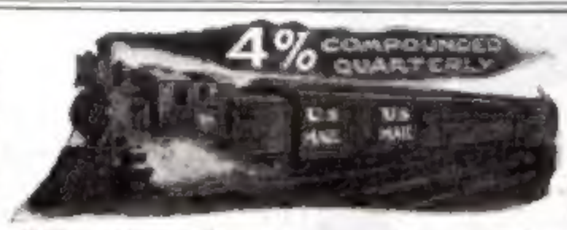

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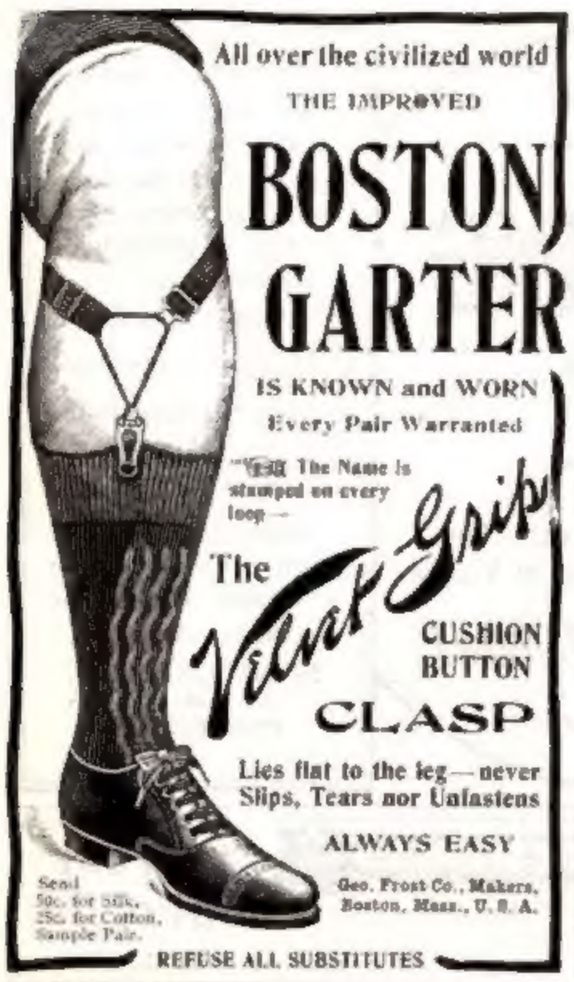

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The Harriman Lines

(Concluded from Page 5)

the engineers again; the second time they brought the line he knew must be there.

It involved staggering estimates. The Dale Creek crossing, just beyond Cheyenne, called for a single fill nine hundred feet long and one hundred and thirty feet deep. In these granite wastes the engineering figures assumed, at once, unheard-of proportions. Cubic yards went into the calculations in millions instead of thousands. Two creek crossings called for eight hundred thousand yards of embankment. Two miles of new line required the moving of seventeen hundred thousand yards of material, and of this three hundred thousand were of solid rock. Two fills within these two miles swallowed a million cubic yards. To eliminate three heavy reverse curves and two bridges a summit cut was required, eighty feet deep and a thousand feet long. The springing charge for a single cone of rock was a thousand pounds of giant powder, and the mountain was hurled into the cañon with twenty thousand pounds of black. For these unprecedented levelings of the continental summit new devices were constantly brought into play. Time was an essence of the undertaking, and the American contractor, loyally following the American engineer, as he has always followed him, stooped like an Atlas and took upon his shoulders the burden of the plans.

Grading machines and dump wagons were sent into the hills in trainloads. Steam shovels, the leviathans of the railroad camp, crossed the mountains in processions. They scooped the borrow pits, cut the shale from the tunnels, dug the Sherman ballast, and even loaded blasted granite upon cars out of the rock cuts. Track-laying machines flung out rails on one side and ties on the other like sandwiches. At one of the vital points Chicago men, the MacArthurs, took the heavy work, and to make a three-hundred-thousand-yard fill with an embankment of one hundred and thirty-eight feet, MacArthur, to complete his contract on time, threw his own temporary suspension bridge across the thousand-foot cañon and ran his dump cars out upon his own rails and cables. Track laying, ballasting even, was pushed across the Rockies in midwinter. At the new summit the last hill was drilled and a tunnel eighteen hundred feet long put through primitive granite. Here the Harriman engineers scaled two hundred and forty-seven feet off the highest elevation at which the road had formerly crossed the continent; then came their task of getting gracefully down the western slope of the hills to the Laramie plains.

There is nothing less showy in the rebuilding of the Harriman lines and nothing that is more of a triumph than this feat of Berry's in getting into Laramie. He has used here every trick in his bag, and after moving five millions of cubic yards of earth and rock to accomplish his purpose he comes down into Laramie with a forty-three feet maximum grade, eighteen miles long. So close is the cloth cut for this entire distance that not one rail-length of level track could be conceded for stations; they take their chances on the grade as best they can. Providence may, indeed, some time shift the axis of the granite anticlinal now so skillfully crossed at Sherman, Wyoming, and new dispositions may be called for; but until such an upheaval takes place Berry's Laramie grade is likely to stand.

The whole road from this eastern approach to the Black Hills, far out to Medicine Bow on the Laramie plains, show everywhere the chisel and the straight-edge of the Harriman engineers.

There are but two pieces of track, both very short, on the entire main line where the forty-three-feet grade is exceeded. Curvature has had to go with the heavy grades, and between the Black Hills and the Wasatch Range seven thousand degrees within the last five years have gradually disappeared. At one point the new line within a distance of four miles crosses the old one seven times; the Hanna cut uncovered an eight-foot seam of coal; a Green River cut revealed wide deposits of petrified fish.

First and last the contractors uncovered a little of everything in the Rockies, from oil pockets to underground rivers, but in the Wasatch Range, in boring a six-thousand-foot tunnel, they struck a mountain which for startling developments broke the records in the annals of American engineering. It was here that the underground stream was encountered, but this was a mere incident among the possibilities in that mountain. The formation is carboniferous, thrown up in the Aspen Ridge at an angle of twenty-five degrees, and it includes shale, sandstones, oil and coal. To bore a hole through the mountain at a depth of four hundred and fifty feet from the highest point was not difficult; but the curious thing was that, after being bored, the hole refused to stay straight. The mountain, reversing every metaphor and simile of stability, refused to stand in the same position for two days together. It moved forcibly into the bore from the right side, and when remonstrated with stole quietly in from the left; it descended on the tunnel with crushing force from above and rose irresistibly up into it from below. The mountain moved from every quarter of the compass and from some quarters not covered by the compass. Workmen grew superstitious, contractors had chills, and engineers were nonplused. Starting in huge cleavage planes, the shale became at times absolutely uncontrollable. Wall plates well fastened into regular alignment at night looked in the morning as if giants had twisted them; 12 x 12 hard-pine timbers laid skin to skin in the tunnel were warped and snapped like toothpicks by this mysterious pressure. Engineers are on record as stating that in the Aspen tunnel such construction timbers were broken in different directions within a length of four feet. An engineer stood one day in the tunnel on a solid floor of these timbers, when under him, and for a distance of two hundred feet ahead of him, the floor rose, straining and cracking, three feet up into the air. When in Valhalla the heroic spirits of the American section of civil engineers assemble it will be for the shades from the far Rockies to recount the tallest stories.

Through a more forbidding country, and under difficulties no less formidable, Hood's Southern Pacific corps have made over almost wholly the Central Pacific link of the Harriman lines. Across Nevada they have taken out more than thirteen thousand degrees of curvature and three thousand feet of rise and fall. In a distance of four hundred and fifty miles on the old line they have built two hundred miles of entirely new road, bored two miles of tunnels, and put eight million pounds of steel into bridges. To do away once and forever with the terrific grades and curves made in pushing north around the Great Salt Lake, the Southern Pacific engineers have drawn a red line from Ogden straight across the lake and the desert to Lucin, Utah, cutting forty-four miles of track out of a hundred and forty-six and eliminating four thousand degrees of curves and fifteen hundred feet of rise and fall. They have run a trestle twenty-three miles long across Salt Lake through water thirty feet deep, taking railroad trains farther from land than they have ever yet been run; and their unqualified success recently arrested for a moment the attention of the railroad men of America.

Wherever the Harriman control has been exercised the policy of physical betterment has been decisive and the results are imposing. Mr. Harriman has made good roads the characteristic of his system, and the roads have responded strongly to the new impulse. The enormous expenditure of above $100,000,000 for improvements in a little over three years seems to leave their treasuries overflowing. The Union Pacific, once so poor, now owns its Northwestern link, the Oregon Short Line, and together the Union Pacific and the Short Line own the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. In addition, the Union Pacific has cemented a kinship with the Southern Pacific by the purchase of the Huntington interest of $75,000,000.

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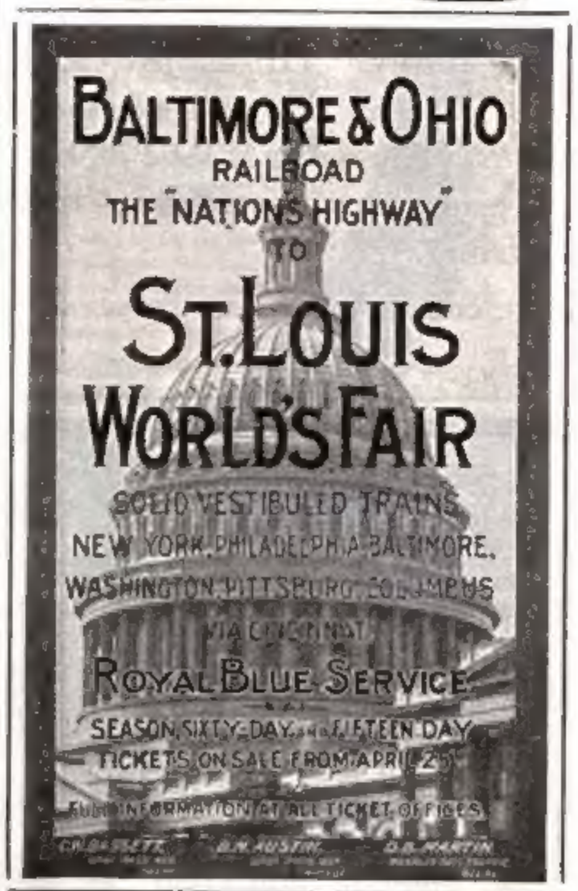

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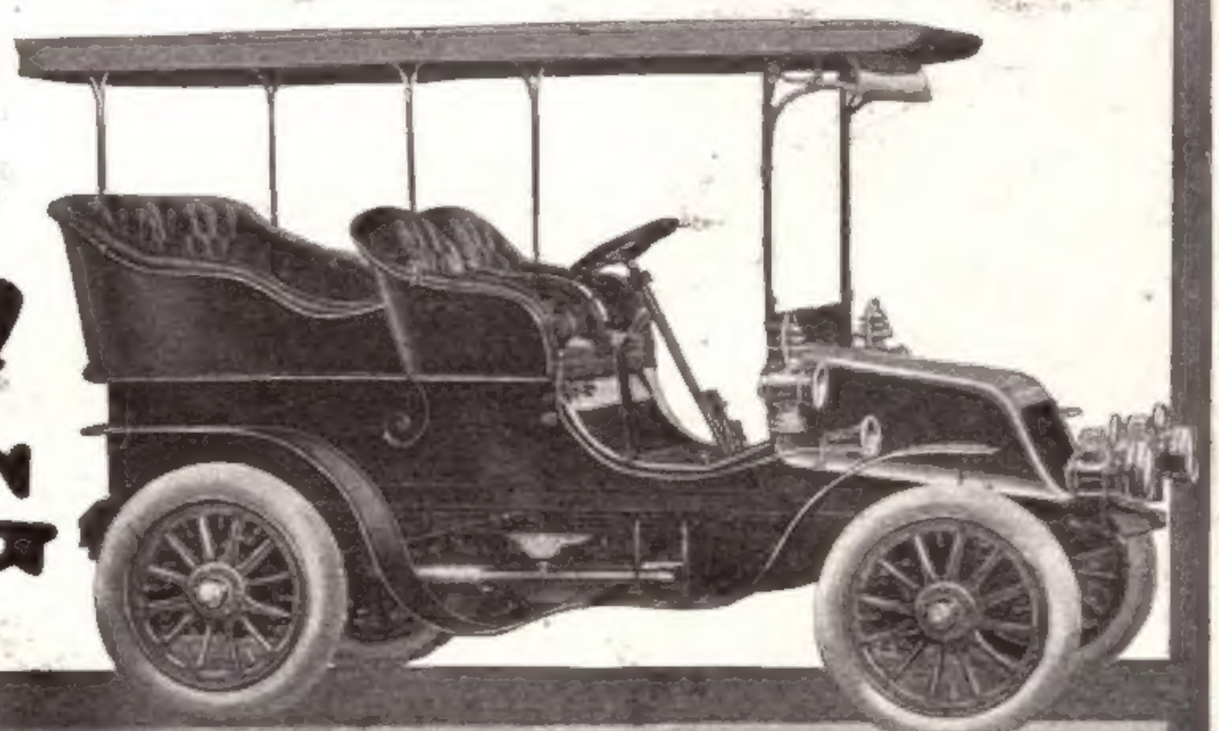

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